

# SECRET SERVICE

OLD AND YOUNG KING BRADY, DETECTIVES.

Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York Post Office, by Frank Tousey.

No. 2.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1899.

Price 5 Cents.

## TOLD BY THE TICKER; —OR—

### THE TWO KING BRADYS ON A WALL STREET CASE.

By a New York Detective.



One exclamation escaped the lips of the bank robbers. "Old King Brady!" It was indeed the old detective. In each hand he gripped a revolver.



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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1899, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington,  
D. C., by Frank Tousey, 29 West 26th Street, New York.*

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AN UP-TO-DATE DETECTIVE STORY.

CENTRAL CHICAGO BOOK STORE.

BY A NEW YORK DETECTIVE

HOWARD WALKER.-192 W CONGRESS ST, Chicago, Ill.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE TRACES OF A MYSTERIOUS CRIME.

The clocks had long since struck the hour of midnight, and few people were abroad in the vicinity of Burling Slip in the lower part of the great City of New York.

Years ago Burling Slip had wharfage and many ships. A schooner had anchored there, and left its cargo of Holland ware for the burghers and gude of old New Amsterdam.

Time and plenty of earth filling had reclaimed the old wharf, and made solid the ground of that vicinity. So Burling Slip yet remains, but to-day it is a small street, and for its ship chandlers and junk stores.

There are a few shipping offices yet extant there.

These bore over its door the name of Willard, shipowner and trader.

On the present night the offices of Willard Hall were closed.

It was dark about the premises.

A passerby would have thought nothing strange of it, and, in fact, it was not strange in itself, as every shipping office was closed.

A man standing in the shadows of a doorway suddenly gave a start and lifted the drooping brim of his slouch hat.

Something in the darkness of that shop had caught his attention.

He saw, or fancied he saw, the faint twinkling of a glimmer of a light beyond the stained and dirty glass window.

This was strange.

Why should there be a light in the shipping office of Willard Hall at that hour of the night?

The clerks had long since gone home.

The proprietor himself rarely was seen in Burling Slip after four o'clock of any afternoon.

Then why should there be a light in the shipping office?

Moreover, it was just such a pyramidal pathway as would come from a dark lantern.

Had thieves entered the place?

If so, why?

There could be little to steal. Only the shipping books and they were of no value to anybody else.

The watcher in the doorway continued to gaze and listen.

In his eagerness he did not note that he had leaned far out into the radiance of a street lamp.

This revealed his figure and profile and they were remarkable.

He was an old man past sixty.

Yet was supple and active as any young man. He was tall and strongly built. He wore a somewhat faded blue coat tight buttoned to the neck with a white stock and collar.

A very wide-brimmed white felt hat was on his head.

But his features were more remarkable. His hair was iron gray, his face of that strong type which is easily made up with the aid of a few accessories.

All over New York this man was known and famed.

He was no other than Old King Brady, one of the most noted detectives Gotham or America ever saw.

And Old King Brady was instantly interested in matters in the shipping office, when he saw that glimmer of light.

It only lasted a moment.



Then it died out.

But this did not deceive the old detective. He decided at once to investigate.

Leaving his present position, he crossed the street a short distance below and came up on that side.

In a few moments he was at the side window of the office.

It was so very dark right here, that there was no possibility of his being seen. He crouched close by the window and listened.

No sounds came from the shipping office.

But in the distance, down a little alley the other side of the ramshackle old building, the detective heard retreating footsteps.

He instantly crept around to the rear of the structure. All was the blackness of Egypt.

From beneath his coat the detective drew a dark lantern.

He sent the rays flashing against the rear of the building. And as he did so he gave a start.

The rear door of the shipping office was wide open.

The detective flashed the lantern along the paved walk. As he did so he gave an exclamation.

There was visible a few spatters of blood on the stone.

He knelt down and scrutinized them. He saw that they were fresh.

He hastily entered the rear door of the shipping office.

To tell the truth, he would not have been surprised to find evidences there of a dark tragedy at that moment.

To have stumbled over the body of a murdered man or something of that sort. But he did not.

Everything in the shipping office was orderly and quiet. Nothing looked as if it had been disturbed.

Everything was in its place. A clock ticked loudly on the wall. Everything was apparently just as it was when the clerks left.

The detective looked swiftly about.

Then he went out and closed the rear door.

He looked at the blood marks once more and then started down the alley, a silent, gliding shadow.

The alley was a long one.

Just as he was nearing the end of it, he saw a man's figure come out at the other end in the light of the street beyond.

At that distance he could fix upon no identifying mark.

But he kept the fellow in view and ran hastily after him. Soon they entered Fulton street.

Up Fulton street to Broadway the chase went.

Then the unknown, without any suspicion that he was being followed, darted into a doorway and vanished.

Old King Brady could not tell which doorway it was.

So far as he could see all were closed. He was just about to give up the chase, when he saw a figure suddenly dart out of a doorway opposite and cross the street.

To Old King Brady's surprise it came straight toward him.

He was in a patch of gloom near a deep doorway. The man came flying up and did not see him until almost upon him.

Then he paused.

He stared at Old King Brady in the darkness. Then something like a low laugh rippled from his lips.

"Kismet!" he said. "Is it you?"

"Bismillah," replied Old King Brady.

These two passwords seemed at once to settle the identity of each.

"Harry Brady," said the old detective, "what are you doing around here?"

"What am I doing?" ejaculated Young King Brady, for it was that famous young detective. "I am looking for something to turn up. I am Micawber just now."

Young King Brady was a protege of Old King Brady's. The old detective had taken a fancy to the young man, and had taught him much in the line of detective work.

Young King Brady had proved an apt pupil.

He had bloomed out into a criminal taker of the most skilled order, and the two detectives worked together to most perfect advantage.

Although his name was Brady, he was no relation to Old King Brady. How near he came to equaling him in detective work we shall see.

"Well, I have a job for you," said Old King Brady. "Did you see a man come around this corner just now?"

"Yes."

"Ah!"

"He went up into the building next to this. Just opened the door and walked in. Why—do you want him?"

"I would like to catch him," said the old detective.

"Very good," said Young King Brady. "Let us see what we can do."

Both detectives started for the open door of the building in question. At least, they expected to find it open.

But it was not.

"That's queer," said Young King Brady. "I saw him go in here."

"Probably he locked the door after him."

"Sure!"

The young detective produced a queer shaped wire. In a few moments he had picked the lock.

Into the building they went.

Up the stairs and cautiously looked around. Arrived at the top story, it was found that the skylight was open.

"There's where he has gone," said the young detective.

Up they went.

In a few seconds they were on the roof. Then they found their efforts rewarded.

Not fifty feet away, on the next roof, was a man. He had been crouching down.



He sprang up and ran swiftly to the next roof as the detectives appeared.

They could not catch him, and he disappeared as mysteriously as if the earth had swallowed him.

In vain they searched for him.

"Well, I'm beat!" cried Young King Brady. "He couldn't have melted into air."

"No," agreed Old King Brady. Then he gave a start.

With his dark lantern he had been examining the roof, and now came upon a startling and gruesome object.

He picked it up.

It was a hideous knife of the bowie pattern, and clotted with blood.

The two detectives were aghast. In vain they searched the roof for another clew.

All night long they continued their quest, but it was useless.

They were positive that they had the evidences of a terrible crime, but where it had been committed, who was the murderer, and who the victim could not be ascertained.

Old King Brady felt that a greater mystery he had never tackled. He was fascinated with the very difficulty of the case, and was bound to see it through.

## CHAPTER II.

TOLD BY THE TICKER.

THERE was little to work upon.

That a crime had been committed seemed likely, but there was no bit of evidence save the bloody knife.

It was a slender clew to work with, but the two Bradys took it readily.

Nothing more could be done that night. The next day Old King Brady was ready for work.

But as both detectives were getting ready to leave their apartments, a dispatch, worded as follows, was placed in the hands of Old King Brady.

Thus it read:

"DEAR BRADY:—Will you and Young King Brady both come to police headquarters as quickly as you can?"

Yours, THE CHIEF."

"Humph!" said the old detective, "I wonder what's up now?"

"What shall we do?" asked Young King Brady.

"Of course we'll have to go down and see the chief."

"But——"

"What?"

"This case we are now on——"

"It will rest a few hours anyway. Let us go down to headquarters."

Young King Brady was surprised. If there was one place the old detective shunned it was headquarters.

Only on rare occasions was he seen there, and then only to get the details of some new case from the chief.

But here he was proposing a visit to the chief's office. The young detective, however, did not demur.

"All right!" he said. "I'm ready."

They received the message from the chief at ten o'clock.

At exactly twenty minutes past ten both detectives entered the office of the chief of the Secret Service.

That worthy was generally a very inaccessible person.

An ordinary visitor usually had much trouble to get past the doorkeepers and clerks of the department.

But the two Bradys walked boldly into the place and went straight to the inner office.

They were well-known and certainly privileged characters.

The chief looked up as they entered.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said, with a smile. "You are prompt."

"Is that unusual?" asked Young King Brady, with a grin.

"Stop, you young rogue," said Old King Brady reprovingly. "I only come here when it is necessary. Then I am sufficiently prompt. Eh, chief?"

"That is right, James," said the chief, with a laugh. Then more seriously: "But I must not detain you long. The greatest case of mystery ever known in New York has been reported to me. You detectives I depend upon to unravel it."

Old King Brady coolly took a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit at it.

"Yes," he said slowly.

Young King Brady, however, was instantly all excitement and interest.

"It is a very singular case," said the chief. "I feel sure that you will find a dark and heinous crime back of it all."

"Murder?" asked Old King Brady, tersely.

"Yes."

"Identity known?"

"No."

"Body found?"

"No."

"Humph! What is there to warrant the assumption?"

"Only a queer message written out by a stock ticker connected with the New York Stock Exchange."

Old King Brady gave the chief a silent, furtive glance.

The latter proceeded:

"There is the whole mystery. This stock ticker is in the bachelor apartments of Mr. Seth Hardman, capitalist and stock speculator, No. — Irving Place. The wire is a special one and owned by him, and connects with the office of Sharpe & Dunn, Brokers, Wall street. They receive the regular quotations from the New York Stock Exchange, and transmit to him every day from their office by their own operator."

Old King Brady sat with half closed eyes listening.

Young King Brady had his notebook out taking notes.



"Now, of course," said the chief, "the office of Sharpe & Dunn is only open between the hours of 10 A. M. and 4 P. M. The operator then goes home, the doors are locked, and there is no possible way of entrance to their office during the night.

"Very good! Now comes the mystery. Last night, it may have been after midnight, Mr. Hardman, who was asleep in his bachelor apartments was awakened by the sharp clicking of his stock ticker.

"At first he thought he was dreaming. But finding that his senses did not deceive him he rapped on the wall of an adjoining room and aroused McIntyre, his valet.

McIntyre arose, turned on the incandescent lights and Mr. Hardman got out of bed.

"He went at once to the stock ticker. It had ceased work, but he saw quite a lot of ribbon had been run off.

"He took this up and read what the stock ticker had told. And as he read he experienced an awful sense of horror and wonder.

"This is the message from the ticker."

The chief handed Old King Brady a long slip of ticker ribbon.

The detective took it and read as follows:

"Hello—Hello - - - - I have done the job - - - - It was dirty work - - - - I put the knife into his side - - - - His body will astonish some buyer of salt horse when they find it - - - - Have that ten thousand ready - - - - If you fail me I will stick you the same way - - - -"

This was the story told by the ticker. A more ghastly revelation and confession in one could hardly be imagined.

The two detectives read and reread it. Then Young King Brady framed a sentence with his lips which was intercepted by the chief.

"No," he said, positively; "it is no practical joke. That message was received by Mr. Seth Hardman in the presence of his valet.

"His wire connects with no other office. It is his own private wire, owned and controlled by himself.

"Now, the mystery is how could a message like that have been sent from the other end of that wire, or rather, from the office of Sharpe & Dunn at an hour when no living person was in their office.

"The keyboard has been examined, and the sounders are intact and show no evidence of having been used since the day before.

"Neither had the office been entered, for a light burns back of the desk all night, and the watchman makes half hourly rounds. No tragedy was committed there or anywhere in that vicinity that I can get track of."

The chief turned to his desk.

"There's your case," he concluded.

"But there is no tangible evidence of a crime beyond this message," said the detective.

"None."

"Humph!"

"You are skeptical."

The old detective did not answer.

"Well," said the chief, "I think it is a clew to a crime, and so does Hardman. He is curious and willing to spend money to bring it to light."

But the chief was wrong if he thought Old King Brady was not interested in the case.

The old detective rose and started for the door, at the same motioning Young King Brady to follow him.

"Where are you going?" asked the chief.

"I will report to you later on this case," said Old King Brady.

"Then you will undertake it?"

"Yes. Good-day."

The door closed behind the two detectives. The chief swung around in his chair with a whistle.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "He's a close-mouthed old fellow, I declare. I'll wager, though, he'll have the whole thing sifted before the public get half done wondering over the case."

Old King Brady and the younger detective reached the street.

The elder detective had been silent.

The younger detective knew what this meant. Aware of Old King Brady's moods he said nothing.

He knew it would all come out in time.

They walked slowly over City Hall Square, and turned down Broadway.

Not until they got to the corner of Fulton street did they halt.

Then a few doors below Old King Brady paused and looked up at the building which they had climbed through the night before.

He studied it a long while.

So long was he buried in deep thought that Young King Brady became impatient.

"Say," he exclaimed. "This is not the Wall street case!"

The old detective whirled about.

"Eh!" he exclaimed.

"Are you going to work on the Wall street case?"

"Yes!"

"Well, it looks as if you meant to throw it over for that affair of last night which may or may not be an affair."

"Young man, I give you credit for being clever," said Old King Brady, reprovingly, "but don't interrupt me again when I am doing a sum in geometry."

"In geometry?"

"Yes, detective geometry, if you care to call it that."

"I see. You think there is a possibility of these two cases being connected."

The astute old detective smiled broadly.

"Good guess, my lad!" he said, delightedly.

"There is the geometrical problem. Can you do it?"

"I don't believe it can be done."

"Why not?"

"The points aren't relevant."

"One suggests a murder and the other tells of it."



"But there is no logical connection that I can see. There can be two murders."

"That is simple addition. We are talking geometry, but while we are doing so we are wasting time. One thing is certain—a murder was committed last night. Whether it was a spirit hand which sent that message over Seth Hardman's stock ticker or not is not important. It is for us to prove the murder and settle the facts as to who did it. Then we must corner him."

"Your deductions are logical."

"Very good! There may have been two murders. We will proceed on the supposition that there was only one. I got track of some mystery down in Burling Slip last night. How it can be connected with the affair in the brokers' office I can't just now see, but that it is connected I have a presentiment."

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE BUCKET SHOP MEN.

YOUNG KING BRADY was astonished.

He saw that the elder detective was in earnest. For his part, he could not in any way connect the two affairs.

But Old King Brady now turned away.

"I've learned enough here," he said. "Now I'll tell you what I want you to do."

"Well?"

"Visit Mr. Hardman's office."

"Ah!"

"But go in disguise. Don't let him know your identity."

"All right!"

"You may make up as a young scion of a wealthy family about to invest some money in railroad stocks. Get his opinion of them, etcetera. While you are there, if you can, get a look at the stock ticker and the connections. Get an impression of Mr. Hardman. Meet me at four o'clock at the Astor House rotunda."

"Done!" and Young King Brady glided away.

The old detective walked down Broadway and turned into a barroom.

He purchased a glass of beer for a blind, and then retired to an anteroom, such as is common in downtown saloons.

Here he made a remarkable metamorphosis in his appearance.

When he slid quietly out by a side entrance, he was a type of rustic farmer.

He loitered along and finally turned into Wall street.

It was at the time of day when business was most lively on the Exchanges.

People were all on the rush.

Bankers and brokers and messengers were flying from one office to another. Things were lively.

Nobody had any time to give more than a cursory glance at the old countryman.

Old King Brady's sharp gaze scanned every face.

Finally he paused in the doorway of one of the buildings.

He saw a silvered sign:

SHARPE & DUNN,  
Bankers and Brokers.

Old King Brady tramped up the stairs and entered the office. He was hardly noticed by the throng of busy men there.

What interested the old detective was the telegraph table at which an operator was busy sending quotations to private offices all over the city.

The old detective watched the operator.

He was a careworn looking man of middle age. Once he looked up and Old King Brady caught his eye.

The old detective turned away.

He was satisfied.

That man knew nothing of the crime.

Then he watched the two principals of the firm behind their desk railings. The detective turned and went out.

He looked curiously at the locks on the doors. Descending to the street he studied the windows and the fire escape.

Then he abandoned the theory that any trace of the crime was to be found there.

He turned his steps toward the New York Stock Exchange.

He entered and stood outside the pit watching the excited throng of brokers. Chance proved his friend.

Two young men entered the pit.

As they passed Old King Brady, he heard one of them say:

"If we can only get the will probated in time to get the money, I think we can make some money in Western Union. It is bound to go up before September."

"I believe the Granger stocks are safer."

"Well, we'll try them, too. But, I say, isn't that Biff McClure out there beckoning to us? What brought the fool here?"

Every word of this was heard by Old King Brady.

Now, as a matter of fact, the old detective had sized up these two young men at a glance.

They were of that class of brokers known as "bucket shop" men.

They dealt wholly in margins. No stock certificates were ever held or sold by them.

Yet they had dozens of "customers," who put their money on the rise or fall of the market, just as the race track gambler puts his on his pick of a bunch of horses, or the faro player on the turn of a card.

And this is called "buying and selling of stocks," and practiced by men of all classes as a respectable form of speculation. A more unadulterated or vicious form of gambling does not exist.

Men who follow this calling are hungry sharks on the outskirts of the whirl of finance.

Their hungry maws gather in everything which comes that way without respect to age, sex or creed.



The duped speculator is sure to lose his all in the end.

Thus Old King Brady sized up these men.

But when he saw a flashy looking tough, with the hardest type of face one can imagine, at the door of the Stock Exchange signaling them, he was satisfied.

They were crooked!

Now, Old King Brady had a deep and special interest in crooks.

In lieu of any clew, Old King Brady dropped the brokers' office case for the moment and gave his attention to these three crooks.

For the bucket shop men were as much crooks in his opinion as the tough at the door.

One of them remained in the edge of the pit, though he did not go onto the floor, another proof to Old King Brady that neither he nor his partner were reputable brokers.

The fellow at the door held a low and earnest conversation and then went out.

The bucket shop man rejoined his companion.

They talked in an undertone for awhile. Then one of the rascals drew a paper pad from his pocket and began to write down the quotations.

Spoiling one sheet on the pad he pulled it off and threw it away.

When they moved along a bit Old King Brady secured this.

At its head was printed the following:

CLIFF & CALL.

No. — BROAD ST.

Bankers and Brokers. Dealers in Puts and Calls.

Special attention paid to Margins. Always a

Winner. See our Latest Market Letter.

Do Business With Us.

It was just as the detective had thought. They were bucket shop dealers.

"Broad street," reflected the detective. "I know where to find them when I want them. Will probated! Some friend has died and left one or both some money; but what is their business with Biff McClure? That's the fellow I'm interested in now."

The detective dodged through the door and out upon the street.

Again chance was his friend.

Leisurely making his way up the other side of the street was the tough.

It did not take Old King Brady long to get onto his track.

He shadowed him down Wall street as far as South street.

Here McClure entered a barroom and partook of a free lunch.

All the while Old King Brady was right behind him. His guise as a countryman worked well.

The tough did not dream that the old detective was so tracking him. If he had his conduct might have been different.

And as McClure was at the lunch counter a man

entered, and coming up to him, slapped him on the shoulder.

"Hello, Biff, how does it work?" was the query of the newcomer. Old King Brady's quick ear caught it.

McClure turned quickly, regarded the newcomer an instant, and then flashed a searching look about the barroom.

His gaze rested an instant on Old King Brady.

But only an instant.

It was apparent that the tough did not regard him with suspicion.

"All serene," was Biff's curt reply to the other's query.

"Good! Mike and Sid are over on the dock and they want to see you."

"All right, I'll go right over. Have a glass of beer?"

"Don't care if I do."

The two drank at the bar.

Old King Brady regarded them curiously. They were a curiously assorted pair.

Biff McClure looked the tough out and out, but his companion affected a suit of flashy, though soiled clothes.

His linen was striped but extremely dirty. He wore a white tall hat and carried a cane.

He was hardly respectable enough for a bunco man, and too well dressed for a race track tout.

Old King Brady was puzzled to place him. But that he was of the criminal class was sure enough.

And this was knowledge enough for the detective.

At an unobserved moment he wrote down the names he had heard. Sid and Mike.

He also heard McClure call his companion Dixy Bent.

Presently the two crooks left the saloon. They crossed over South street to where a number of large harbor barges lay in dock.

On board one of these, considerable smaller than the others, stood two men.

A sign was pasted on a part of the bow of the barge, to indicate its freight.

POTATOES, ONIONS AND CARROTS.

There were many other similar craft.

All were freighted with grain, hay, bricks or sand. But this particular boat seemed to carry little freight.

On its stern was the name:

"Mary Carter, Flushing."

It sat high in the water and appeared to be almost empty.

Perhaps it was waiting for freight.

Or having unloaded was waiting for a tug to convey it back to its home port, Flushing.

Surely, as long as it stayed there it must pay wharf dues.

At the stern of the barge was a cabin or deck house. Two doors entered it, one from each side.

There were two windows, but the shutters were closely drawn.



Now, Old King Brady knew all about barge and canal boat life.

On some of these river and canal freighters, the captains lived with their families. Close quarters, to be sure, but not altogether uncomfortable.

As McClure and Dixy Bent crossed the street, the old detective saw them signal to the two men on the barge.

Then they crossed the wharf, and in a few moments joined them.

All four stood on the deck of the barge engaged in conversation. The detective was deeply interested.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### A SUSPICIOUS BARGE.

BEHIND a pile of lumber for a screen, Old King Brady studied the four men on the deck of the barge. The more he pondered the matter, the better satisfied he became that some dark scheme was up.

McClure and Bent were plainly crooks. The other two men must be the same.

It did not take the old detective long to formulate a plan of action.

He was determined to know what the character of his barge crew was. He knew that the masters of most of the river freighters were respectable men.

But these men could hardly be respectable, to be and in glove with such rascals as Bent and McClure. When Old King Brady made up his mind to act, he was never slow.

Presently he was making his way critically along the wharf.

He appeared in his disguise to be a genuine Dutchess County farmer.

The four men on the boat saw him approaching. So rustic and clownish were his movements that they exchanged laughing remarks, which were not lost by the keen eye of the old detective.

"All right," thought Old King Brady. "He who laughs last, laughs best."

The detective came fussily along the wharf.

Then his gaze seemed to alight on the sign:

##### POTATOES, ONIONS AND CARROTS.

Instantly he was interested. He glanced at the four men on the deck and then crossed the plank and walked aboard.

"Haow do ye dew!" he exclaimed in a nasal voice. "I see you have some 'taters aboard."

The four men laughed uproariously and it seemed to the countryman unnecessarily. He bridled up.

"Wall, what is wrong naow?" he asked. "Didn't ask ye a respectful an' a simple question?"

"All right, old jay," replied McClure, with a leer. "We'll answer ye. Do ye want to sell some potatoes?"

"Yas."

"Well, we've got 'em to sell. See? We ain't tryin'."

At this the others laughed.

But one of the four, a man with a short, stubby beard, said sharply:

"Shut up, Biff! Can't ye treat the gent respectful?"

"Haw, haw! That's easy talk fer you, Sid Carter."

"Well, dry up! I'm the captain of this boat, and Mike Hurl is the mate. You're only an outsider. See? Now, old man, we don't want to buy your potatoes."

"Wall, p'haps I'd buy if yew'd sell cheap enough," said Old King Brady, with a chuckle. "I'm jest a-dealin' in 'taters, ye know."

"Speculatin' in 'em, eh?"

"Yas, yas, thet's it!"

Carter gave the others the wink, which was not unnoticed by Old King Brady, and said:

"All right! We're pretty well sold out. Come down, and we'll see what there is."

This was just what Old King Brady wanted. He was anxious to get a look at the inside of that barge. So he followed Carter down a ladder into the hold. The barge was well emptied.

There were a few bins of potatoes and a few of onions, but no carrots. The detective went around pretending to be interested in the potatoes.

But all the while he was sizing up the interior of the barge.

He saw nothing suspicious, however.

"Well, old man, what do ye think of 'em?" the captain of the barge asked.

"Humph!" rejoined the detective. "They're a bit knurly and nubby. Hain't got any smooth stock, hev ye?"

"This is all we've got."

"Wall, what do ye ax?"

"Two and a quarter a bushel!"

Old King Brady rolled his eyes.

"Gosh! I guess you'll keep 'em!" he cried. "Yew kin buy best Hebrons for one fifty, an' thet's fancy."

"All right. I can hold till I git my price."

"In course! But I reckon you'll hold a good while."

They climbed up the ladder.

Old King Brady had gained his point.

He knew that the potatoes were a blind, and the prohibitive price proved it. The barge and its gang were crooked.

With this discovery he believed he had the gang well placed.

But so far not the slightest thing had developed to prove that this gang was in any way connected with the Wall street case.

So he decided to drop them for the time. His present efforts must be devoted to the mystery told by the ticker.

So he left the wharf.

Going up Wall street he looked at his watch, and saw that it was nearly time to meet Young King Brady as per appointment in the Astor House.

He accordingly bent his steps in that direction.

As he turned into Broadway he dodged into a hallway, and behind a door unseen changed his disguise.



He emerged upon the street, Old King Brady, whose familiar white hat and tightly buttoned blue coat had so often caught the attention of those who met him.

Arrived at the Astor House entrance, he was pleased to see that the young detective was already there waiting for him.

Together they turned into the rotunda.

In a quiet corner of the place they exchanged experiences.

"Yes!" said Young King Brady, "I did as you directed. I visited the office of Mr. Hardman in disguise. I did all I could to locate a clew."

"The man's story is no doubt as straight as can be. I saw the ticker and sized up the valet. Everything is all legitimate so far as they are concerned. The mystery only deepens!"

"Humph!" said Old King Brady.

"It is discouraging, isn't it?"

"To the contrary, young man, the case is progressing fine."

Young King Brady was amazed.

"Without a clew?"

"Yes, but you must know that all is outlined now. What remains for us to do is to find the body of the victim and locate the murderer."

"That is precisely where we were in the beginning."

"No, you are wrong. We had only this conclusion as an assumption then. Now we know where we stand."

"Yes," admitted Young King Brady.

"And that is favorable?"

"I suppose so," said the young detective. "But can you tell me just how we are going to locate the murderer? I cannot see the slightest clew."

"Murder will out. It will come. I am sure that some deal in Wall street business is connected with all."

"Well, I agree with you."

"Therefore," concluded Old King Brady, "to Wall street we must look for our first and opening clew."

"All right, I am anxious to at once get under the matter."

Just at that moment a newsboy burst into the place.

"Wextra! All about the mysterious disappearance! Buy a paper, boss."

Old King Brady placed a copper in the boy's hand, and took the paper.

He glanced at the title heading of the first column.

As he did so he gave a mighty start. Young King Brady turned.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"Do you recall my experience in Burling Slip last night? Look!"

The account under the heading in condensed shape read as follows:

"No light as yet thrown on the mysterious disappearance of Mr. Willard Hall, the well known shipowner, who has done business in his offices at Burling Slip for a full half century.

"When the clerks employed by Mr. Hall reached the office in Burling Slip at the usual hour this morning, they were unable to enter.

"It has always been Mr. Hall's custom to be on hand first himself and open the office. His oldest clerk does not remember of his failure to do this.

"But the clerks waited until noon and were yet unable to enter. Then Mr. Hall's butler came down from his residence in Harlem with the startling report that Mr. Hall had not returned home the previous night.

"After much investigation, word was sent to police headquarters. An inspector visited the office and managed to open the door and enter.

"Everything in the place was just as orderly as when the clerks had left the night before, with the exception of Mr. Hall's desk, which was in a state of disorder.

"Then the back door of the office was found unlocked and open. This the clerks were sure had been locked securely at the time of closing.

"High and low search was made for Mr. Hall. There were no evidences of foul play. Neither could any reason be given for an unceremonious departure or suicide. Mr. Hall is a man of large means and great intellectual ability.

"It may be that the police will find a clew to-day. The public awaits developments with great suspense."

Old King Brady crumpled the paper and flung it away.

He glanced at his watch.

It was half after four.

"I knew that a tragedy had been enacted there last night," he said. "That shipowner is a dead man."

"Murdered?"

"Yes, murdered."

"By whom?"

"That remains to be seen."

"What could have been done with the body?"

"There is the mystery."

"Do you think the bloody knife we found was the weapon?"

"I do."

"And the fellow we chased over the roofs was the murderer?"

"He was!"

"There the whole thing ends," said the young detective. "We do not know the identity of that fellow. The murdered man is not to be found."

"But he will be!"

"The murderer did his work well."

"Ay, except in one particular," declared Old King Brady.

"And that——"

"He left his knife and traces of blood. It may be



a small clew, but it is something. I cannot rid myself of one impression."

"What is that?"

"The Wall street case and the Burling Slip case are in some mysterious way connected. Just how I cannot say now, but it will come out, it will come out!"

## CHAPTER V.

### OLD KING BRADY ATTENDS AN AUCTION.

Two weeks passed.

Not a clew had been found to either of these mysterious cases: the tragedy told by the ticker, and the mysterious fate of old Willard Hall of Burling Slip.

Nor had anything been seen of the two King Bradys.

They had dropped out of sight as effectually as if transferred to the bottom of the Atlantic.

But beneath this placid surface which affairs had taken, there was a brewing of startling incidents which would amaze the country.

The old shipowner was accounted dead and an executor was soon appointed for the settlement of the estate.

His sole heir was a nephew whose name was Allan Cliff. The will bequeathed all his property to this heir.

It was a rich estate, being worth nearly a million. It was known that the young heir had been a trifle wild and was connected with a number of rather hazy Wall street schemes.

So old business men who had known Willard Hall, shook their heads soberly and said:

"The property which the old man by strict integrity and rare business methods acquired, will soon be dissipated."

And young Allan Cliff did not even wait for the probating of the will to lay the foundation for various speculative schemes which had long been his cherished hobby.

It was not difficult for him to issue paper based on his prospects, and get large loans from bankers.

The bucket shop firm of Cliff & Call now bloomed amazingly forth.

New offices in Broad street were occupied, and an army of clerks employed.

Had the firm at this juncture confined itself to a strict commission business, all might have been well.

But that was not the ambition of either.

Their hope was to become a power in the money market. To set themselves up as manipulators of the greatest stock jobbing schemes of the day.

How they succeeded we shall see.

Of course, young men with the proclivities of this young firm of brokers, with money at their disposal, were hardly contented to live a prosy life.

Rich apartments at an uptown hotel, a fast horse, a box at the opera, and sundry midnight games at the club, became the regular order.

All this got under way in the short space of two weeks.

But there was none to dispute the course of events. There was no other heir.

No trace of the old man's body had been found. There were no other relatives than Cliff to take charge of the property. Something had to be done.

So a lifelong friend of Hall's was appointed executor by the court, and the estate was put in his hands.

But the court wisely ordered the will to lie in probate an extended length of time, fully a year, in case news came that Willard Hall was yet alive or other heirs should turn up.

The attorney employed by Cliff tried to block this, but the court's decision stood.

So all that Cliff had at present was the prospect of nigh a million in one year.

But this prospect established his credit, and this led to complications, the result of which the course of our story will reveal.

It was decided to close up the offices in Burling Slip.

Cliff objected to conducting his uncle's business and there was no other interested party.

So the executor employed an auctioneer and the effects of the office and the stores on hand were sold out.

The two weeks had elapsed, however, before this auction took place.

The auction was attended by a heterogeneous crowd of people.

There were junk dealers and wharf mongers, captains of coasters and masters of harbor craft. Itinerant hawkers and peddlers and so on.

In the crowd was one curious looking sailing master, who looked like an edition of a Grand Banks skipper, fog horn voice, tarpaulin, jack boots and all.

He made a point of bidding on nearly everything, yet seemed to buy nothing.

The auctioneer at once sized him up for the usual complement of jibes and jests, which kept the crowd in a good humor, although it might retard the sale.

There were boxes and bales, casks and hampers, chairs and cordage, and all the truck usual in a ship chandler's store.

Every article was tagged and put up by the auctioneer and his assistant.

Among the stores were a dozen barrels of salt horse or salt pork, such as is used on shipboard.

When the auctioneer came to these, he shouted:

"Step up here, you sailing skippers, and buy this salt horse. You all need it on your next trip to the Banks. It's the best quality, and shall go to the highest bidder."

The crowd looked the casks over.

Of course they were headed and air-tight, so their contents could only be accepted according to the stamp placed on them by the inspectors.

But properly sealed, salt pork is known to keep an indefinite length of time.

So there was but little risk in buying under such circumstances.



The bidding was lively.

There seemed to be a special demand for salt horse.

The old sailing master did not bid at first.

He scrutinized the bidders, however, closely. Among the foremost was one man whom the reader has seen before.

This was Sid Carter, captain of the harbor barge or freight boat.

Behind him stood Mike Hurl, his river partner.

The old sailing master watched them closely. The bidding carried the casks of pork up to a price of two dollars and a quarter each.

Here they hung, and it seemed as if they would be sold at that price, when Carter shouted:

"Two dollars and a half!"

Instantly the old sailing master called in a grating voice:

"Three dollars!"

Surprised, everybody looked at him.

He stood with head down but keen eyes glinting from beneath bushy eyebrows and looking penetratingly at Carter.

The latter stared at him.

Then he grinned and made some remark to Hurl.

It was evidently of a contemptuous sort, for Hurl laughed sardonically.

But the sailing master did not seem in the least abashed.

"Come, come!" said the auctioneer. "Will nobody raise this bid? I am offered three dollars. Is it all done at three dollars? Going—going——"

"Three fifty!" called out Carter.

"Four!" said the sailing master, just as promptly.

"Four fifty!"

"Five!"

"Six!"

"Ten dollars!"

A murmur went through the crowd.

Even the auctioneer was surprised.

He glanced from one to the other.

He seemed inclined to sell to the old skipper. A cloud rested on Carter's brow. He stared at the sailing master, and then growled:

"What are ye bidding like that fer?"

"Because I feel like it," replied the skipper, pertinently.

"Do ye want that pork?"

"I've taken a hankering for it."

"Then ye'll pay for it!"

"I'll pay more than you will."

"We'll see!"

With which Carter turned to the auctioneer.

"Fifteen dollars!" he cried.

"Twenty!" said the skipper.

"Thirty!" roared Carter.

The skipper did not bid again. He only smiled in a peculiar way.

When the pork was bid off to Carter, he simply walked up to the latter and said:

"You wanted salt hoss bad, didn't ye?"

"You're a fool!" retorted Carter. "What did ye bid me up like that fer?"

"I intended to make you pay for it."

"Feel any better?"

"I know something I didn't know before."

A strange expression crossed the face of the barge master. Then a dangerous gleam flashed from his eyes.

He looked at the skipper keenly and searchingly. His partner, Hurl, moved up close to his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a low, constrained voice.

But the skipper only shrugged his shoulders and replied:

"I know you had some special reason for wantin' that pork. But you've got it and you can keep it!"

"That wasn't what you meant," insisted Carter, in an ugly manner. But Hurl whispered something in his ear and he at once checked himself.

"I always say what I mean," replied the skipper, in a peculiar tone. "And when a barge master who never feeds his crew buys salt hoss, I always make up my mind he buys for speculation."

"Well, what of it?"

"That's what of it."

With no further word the sailing skipper walked contemptuously away.

Carter seemed on the point of following him.

But Hurl said in an undertone:

"Don't be a fool! We're ruined if we run up against that man!"

"What do you mean?" asked Carter, angrily.

"Don't you know him?"

"Eh?"

Carter looked inquiringly at his mate.

"I tell you I shook in my boots all the time he was here!" said Hurl. "I was afraid he'd get dead onto us. If he had we'd have been goners!"

"What do you mean? Who the devil is he?"

"He's the worst man on earth to have on your track. I penetrated his disguise at once. He is Old King Brady the detective."

Carter turned deadly pale.

"The deuce!" he gasped. "Are you sure of that?"

"As sure as that we are standing here this moment."

"Then his bidding against me was all a clever game?"

"Yes, and he was trying to sound you. I tell you it was a close call. Ugh! I thought we were in for it!"

A deadly light gleamed in Carter's evil eyes.

"Well," he said, with a deep breath, "he is as you say a dangerous foe. But he mustn't cross our track. If he does, I'll trap him, and there'll be one less sleuthhound on the Secret Service force."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A TRIP TO STATEN ISLAND—THE TELEGRAM.

THERE was no manner of doubt that Sid Carter meant what he said.



Indeed in that moment a deadly purpose had become fixed in his mind. He meant to execute it.

With an ugly leer he said:

"Mike, that old cuss is on our track and he means to do us harm. The best thing we can do is to lay for him and do him to the end."

"Dead men are harmless foes."

"Exactly!"

"Well," said Hurl, with a cold-blooded laugh, "I must agree with you, but we mustn't lose sight of one thing."

"What?"

"We've a hard man to do."

"Allow that. He can be done!"

"Oh, of course, if he don't do us first."

"I believe you're a coward."

"I'm not a fool."

"Well, well, we'll drop the subject. We must get that pork aboard the boat. How beautifully everything has played into our hands."

With this the two villains crossed South street and went aboard the barge.

A half hour later a heavy van was engaged in transporting the casks of pork to the wharf.

They were then stored in the hold of the barge.

During the auction sale Old King Brady, for he it was in the guise of the old skipper, had assiduously searched the shop of the missing ship chandler.

Every article had been scrutinized by his eagle eye.

His bidding on the pork was only a bluff.

He wondered why Carter was so anxious to secure the dozen barrels of salt horse.

But he could attach no connection between that and the mystery of Willard Hall's fate.

He attributed Carter's willingness to bid, even to an exorbitant price, to his grim and stubborn disposition to not accept defeat.

"Well, he paid well for that old junk," he chuckled.

"I believe that fellow Hurl probed me."

However, when the pork was stored aboard the barge Old King Brady loitered by and saw the casks placed in the hold.

And as he did so he saw that a signal flag had been hoisted to the little staff over the cabin.

"That's queer," he muttered.

A longshoreman was standing near.

"I say, matey," he said, affecting sea slang, "I've sailed in ships but I never saw a streamer like that afore on a craft of that kind. Can you tell me what she means?"

"Sure," replied the longshoreman. "It's a signal to call a tug."

"Oh, then they're going to move?"

"Yes."

The detective knit his brows and strode into the cover of a shed near. He continued to watch the barge.

"Wonder where they're going and what's up?" he muttered. "It does look queer."

Presently he heard a shrill whistle and saw a fussy little tug steaming into the slip.

The pilot came aboard the barge and a conference ensued.

The result was that in a few moments a tow line was out and the barge began to glide out of the dock.

The detective watched it out into the river.

He had no idea of losing sight of it.

He wondered where they were going.

"Perhaps to dispose of the pork," he thought. "I'm going to know."

He ran rapidly along the wharves. Suddenly he saw a small tug tied to a pier.

The captain stood on the deck talking with a couple of the crew.

The detective went up to him quickly.

"Are you the captain of this tug?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the tug master.

"What is your time worth?"

"What do you mean?"

"What will you charge me for the use of your tug for a few hours?"

"Ten dollars an hour."

"I'll take it!"

"Get aboard! What's your tow?"

"Only myself!" replied Old King Brady.

"Ah, you want a ride?"

"Yes!"

"Are you a newspaper man?"

"Allow that I am and that I want to make a scoop. No questions asked. See?"

"That's all right," replied the captain. "It's your orders. We are ready!"

"Do you see that tug out yonder towing that barge?"

"The empty barge?"

"Well, it is pretty near empty!"

"Why, that is the Kitty Clark. I know her captain well!"

"All right! I want to follow that barge and see where it goes. But we must not have the appearance of following."

"We can fix that easily."

"All right! Go ahead!"

The Baxter, which was the name of this boat, steamed out into the river.

The captain took a zigzag course to avoid the semblance of pursuit. The detective remained in the cabin.

He saw that the barge was being towed to the channel east of Castle William.

He knew then that the place of destination was undoubtedly Staten Island, or perhaps some point on the opposite shore.

The detective easily guessed the purpose of the villains.

"They are seeking a retired spot," he reflected. "They are afraid it will soon get too hot for them in New York."

This satisfied Old King Brady of one fact.

Something was pending.

There was some job afoot.



What they had bought the pork for he could not imagine, unless it was for a blind.

"There's some game!" he concluded. "We shall see!"

It was true that the barge was being towed to Staten Island.

In a little retired cove, sheltered from the wind and rough water, the barge was anchored.

Then the Kitty Clark steamed away and left its tow.

All this Old King Brady saw from his tug. Then he said to the captain of the Baxter:

"Put me ashore around that headland. Run down a ways and work up the shore."

"All right, sir!"

The detective paid the tug master.

It had taken two hours to tow the barge across. At a favorable point the detective was put ashore.

Old King Brady knew that the scent was now growing keen.

The utmost precaution must be used. He watched the Baxter out of sight.

Then he cautiously made his way up a steep slope. From the summit of this he could see the cove where the barge was anchored.

He saw that a small skiff had put out from it.

In it were the two bargemen, Carter and Hurl.

"Going ashore, eh?" muttered the detective. "I wonder what that's for?"

He watched the two men intently. They left the skiff and started for a small hamlet which was not far distant.

The detective now took occasion to change his disguise.

He assumed the guise of a well to do countryman, and strolled leisurely along into the town after the villains.

They went directly to a telegraph office.

Here they remained for some little while. When they emerged they started back for the barge.

The detective's mind was quickly made up.

He walked boldly into the telegraph office and said to the operator:

"Two men were just in here and sent a dispatch."

"Well?" said the operator, who was a middle-aged man.

"Did they receive one?"

"No, sir."

"Will you kindly show me the dispatch they sent?"

The operator looked surprised.

"Certainly not," he replied. "That is against the law."

"Not when required by a servant of the law in the subserving of justice?" said Old King Brady, showing his star.

The operator stared.

"You are a detective?"

"Yes."

"And those men?"

"Are crooks."

"Then I will show you the dispatch."

The operator placed it in Old King Brady's hands. Thus it read:

"DIXY BENT, ESQ.

"HOTEL METROPOLIS, West street, New York.

"Everything is ready. We have the salt horse. Will come to the city when we hear from you. Wire us.

"CARTER AND HURL."

The detective studied the epistle and tried to read between the lines.

But he was baffled.

"What sort of a game is up?" he muttered. "Why do they speak of the salt horse? What mystery is it?"

He was completely at a loss to understand it. The deeper he went the more confusing he found matters.

"There's always a way to unravel," he muttered. "I'd better go back to New York. I've done all I can here. Perhaps Harry has got hold of something. It is time for us to join forces."

So he went down to the little wharf and took the first steamer for New York. He arrived late in the evening.

He searched everywhere for Young King Brady. But without avail.

The young detective had been working the Wall street end of the case. He had little faith in the connection of the Burling Slip case, as Old King Brady had.

The old detective haunted Wall street all the next day. But he could not find Young King Brady.

That the young detective was somewhere in the busy thoroughfare he felt sure. But to find him was not so easy.

When evening came Old King Brady struck a scent.

He saw Dixy Bent dive into Wall street from Broadway. In an instant the old detective was after him.

He caught another glimpse of him before a fine brownstone office building.

But by the time he had reached the spot Bent was gone.

For an hour Old King Brady searched.

The street was almost deserted.

He noted the sign on the building.

It was that of Sharpe & Dunn, the brokers who did business for Mr. Hardman. He wondered if that had any significance in regard to the presence of Bent in the vicinity.

If any crooked work was afloat that night in Wall street, Old King Brady meant to know it.

So he camped down in a doorway near and patiently waited.

## CHAPTER VII.

### SHARP WORK IN WALL STREET.

YOUNG KING BRADY had been holding up his end of the case in his usual creditable fashion.



He had spent most of his time in shadowing Allan Cliff and his partner in the bucket shop business, Jeff Call.

The young detective had donned a disguise and applied at their office for the purpose of inquiring the prices of certain stocks.

In reality it was to gain an idea of the system by which Cliff & Call did business.

The young detective found that the two brokers had suddenly found elevation in the speculative world.

Their paper seemed to find acceptance without question, and on the street their names were coupled with deals in prominent stocks.

It did not take Young King Brady long to put two and two together. He decided at once that Cliff & Call were doing a shadowy business and fast striking into the "pace that kills."

Still the young detective could find no clew through them to the secret tragedy told by the ticker.

He had almost made up his mind to give up the scent as unprofitable, when one day an incident occurred which caused him to change his plans.

He saw Call leave the Stock Exchange one afternoon, and shadowing him followed him to a basement saloon, where he met and was closeted with the two rascals, Dixy Bent and Biff McClure.

This decided the young detective that some crooked work was underneath all, and he knew that he must unearth it.

So he continued his clever work of shadowing the villains.

Day after day he persisted and without much recompense.

Still he persevered.

"It must come!" he muttered. "Any turn now may bring it."

And his assumption proved to be well warranted. It bore fruit.

The very day that saw Old King Brady tracking the barge to Staten Island, gave him important information.

He tracked McClure and Bent into an Italian eating house in Pearl street. In the disguise of an itinerant Italian peddler Young King Brady got into the place.

He managed to secrete himself behind a door and heard a startling plot.

"I don't know about any side issue," Bent was saying. "I think we're doing well enough, Biff!"

"Yes, so long as the young fools have any money to give us. But they won't hold up forever."

"Not likely!"

"You can see it as well as I. Then we'll be left on our uppers again. I tell you it don't pay to get left!"

"That's right!"

"Now I've got the watchman all fixed. I've asked him down to Jerry Flynn's to play a quiet game until nine. That's the hour he goes on. He won't go on!"

"Ah!"

"Knockout drops in his beer!"

"Good!"

"Then I get his keys. The rest is easy. The safe is a Mosler combination. I can open it to a certainty."

"You're a terror, Biff!"

"Well, when I have to be. Now I shall wire Mike and Sid at Staten Island to come over."

"Then the barge is there?"

"Yes, and the salt horse aboard. Sid bought it at auction."

"Good!"

"But he had a rub to get it. An old sailing master bid him up to twenty dollars a barrel. Who do you suppose he was?"

"Who?"

"Old King Brady!"

The other villain gave a start.

"The deuce! Was he onto the game?"

"It seems not. He didn't strike anything, anyway. Well, that's how things stand. Now there's a hundred thousand in that safe and we want it."

"We'll have it!"

"You bet we will!"

"You've laid the wires fine, Biff."

A few moments later the two schemers left the place. Young King Brady was close on their heels.

The young detective was elated as well as interested.

He intended to be on hand when that safe was broken. Though what safe it was he could not imagine.

He was much interested in McClure's account of Old King Brady.

It satisfied him of one thing.

The veteran detective was gaining ground. Developments would soon occur to bring something to light.

Of this he felt sure.

But in spite of his best efforts the two villains eluded him before evening came.

Do his best, Young King Brady could get no track of them.

He was much chagrined but not a whit discouraged.

He kept busy all the rest of the day following up every clew possible.

He felt sure that the safe to be broken was located in or about Wall street or Broad street.

At nine that night, he remembered the safe breaking gang were to meet. Carter and Hurl were to be on hand.

An idea struck Young King Brady.

If Old King Brady was on the track of Carter and Hurl, as he had reason to believe that they were, it was possible the old detective might show up on the scene himself.

In that case Young King Brady knew that his services might be needed, and he was determined to be on hand.

And chance played the game into his hands.

It was a little past nine when Young King Brady, who was lurking in the shadows of a Wall street



doorway, saw two men hurriedly cross the street at a point fifty yards below.

Almost instantly, upon reaching the opposite side, they disappeared.

The young detective was instantly on the spot.

Not a person was in sight or to be found. The detective was puzzled.

He silently searched the vicinity, and to his gratification found a small clew.

It was a glove, such as a burglar might use in handling steel tools. Young King Brady felt that he was on the right track.

He examined the doorway and windows of the building.

All was dark inside.

The windows were protected with wire screens, and the door was barred strongly.

The burglars, if such they were, had not entered in that way.

Young King Brady lit a match, and read the sign by the door. Thus it read :

SHARPE & DUNN,

BANKERS AND BROKERS.

The young detective did not give up the quest. The two burglars, for he felt sure they were such, had disappeared in this vicinity. He must find them.

He examined the face of the building. There was a space between it and the next building just large enough to admit the body of a man.

But a screen of steel, with sharp picks on it, about ten feet high, shut off ingress from the street.

It did not seem possible that the burglars could have climbed over this, and yet there was no other avenue of disappearance the detective could find.

He drew a dark lantern from his pocket and lit the wick.

He flashed the rays along the top of the screen.

He gave an exclamation.

Two strands of rope crossed over the sharp picks at the top. He climbed up and pulled on one of them.

The result was gratifying and explanatory.

A rope ladder was hanging down on the other side. Young King Brady knew that at last he had struck a lead.

It is hardly necessary to say that he was but a few moments in taking advantage of this discovery.

He pulled the rope ladder over to his own side of the screen. Then he mounted it, and standing between the picks flung the ladder over and descended on the other side.

This was just what the safe breakers had done.

"I've got them!" thought the young detective with a thrill.

Along the narrow passage he felt his way. Presently he came into a little area or well between four buildings.

Above his head he saw a fire escape. Dangling from its lowest iron round was another rope ladder.

It did not take Young King Brady but an instant to ascend this.

Up the fire escape he went toward the roof.

Up and up, past window after window. He made sure that these were all fastened and no entrance had been made through them.

But when almost up to the roof, he looked over to the wall of the opposite building.

There he saw a full explanation of all. A window was wide open. Dangling down to its ledge from the roof was another rope ladder.

That was the course taken by the burglars. They were in that building beyond a doubt.

Up he went to the roof.

It did not take long to make the circuit to the roof of the next building. He leaned over the coping, and began to meditate, descending the third rope ladder.

But just at that moment he saw a dark form emerge on the window ledge.

Then it came hastily up the rope ladder. The detective shrunk back.

A chimney was near.

Behind it he concealed himself.

Two men came up the rope ladder and vanished across the roofs. At first Young King Brady thought of following them.

But he did not.

Instead he crept to the edge of the roof. He looked down.

A powerful desire to know what was beyond the window came upon him.

With him to think was to act.

He dropped over the edge and began to descend by means of the ladder. He reached the window ledge.

All was dark inside. He listened long and cautiously.

Then he placed one knee over the ledge and the next moment had entered the building.

All was dark as Egypt.

Not a sound was to be heard.

The young detective felt for his dark lantern. He knew that he must see his way on such unknown ground.

But before he could draw the slide a startling thing happened.

From the darkness came a rustling sound. Then a huge hand covered his mouth, a powerful grip was on his arms and he was flung upon his back helpless, while a gag was thrust into his mouth.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE OPENING OF THE SAFE.

ALL too late, Young King Brady saw the trap into which he had walked.

He was a muscular young fellow and capable of putting up a good fight.

He made a tremendous effort to throw off his assailants.

But they had succeeded in getting a hold upon him which he could not break.



Lying on his back with the gag in his mouth, he realized that his chances were desperate.

The men into whose hands he had fallen were merciless foes, and they would show him little mercy.

"Aha!" gritted one of them, peering into his face by the light of a dark lantern. "Thought ye was sharp, didn't ye? But ye're up agin the wrong gang!"

It was Biff McClure.

"Ye might as well say yer prayers," said the other, for there were only two of the villains.

"Your goose is cooked!"

"Yer a dandy detective!"

"Young King Brady, eh?"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"D'ye know what we'll do with you?"

"We'll drop him down the elevator shaft."

"What is the matter with dropping him down a chimney? Won't he make a fine chimney swallow?"

"You bet!"

Young King Brady could not reply.

But he could see, and by the light of their dark lantern he could see that one was Biff McClure and the other Mike Hurl.

Bad eggs both of them.

But the young detective never lost his nerve.

He had traveled with Old King Brady too long, and been face to face with death before too many times.

But his faculties were keen as a razor, and the one impulse upon him was to in some way outwit the villains.

They taunted and jibed him for some while.

Then Hurl went to the window.

"Queer why those chaps don't return," he whispered, hoarsely. "Time is valuable jest now."

"Confound Dixy for forgetting the kit of tools"

"He is always forgetting something. Ah, there they are now!"

Stealthy footsteps were heard on the roof, and then down the rope ladder and into the building came Bent and Carter.

All four safe breakers were now on hand.

Carter and Bent were elated at the capture of Young King Brady.

But Bent said suspiciously:

"I don't know what it may mean, though. Perhaps that other old cuss may be about here somewhere. These two always travel together."

Young King Brady felt a thrill of hope.

He knew that the old detective had been shadowing Hurl and Carter.

In that case, perhaps he was even now within call and fully cognizant of the true state of affairs.

In that event, the young detective felt sure that Old King Brady would have a hand in affairs before all was over.

"Don't ye believe it!" said Carter, positively.

"We gave the old feller the slip down on the wharves. Eh, Mike?"

"So we did!" agreed Mike. "The old feller dropped us when we took the salt hoss over to Staten Island."

"I'm glad of that," said Biff, with a breath of relief. "I tell ye he's a sticker."

"That he is," agreed Dixy. "But what shall we do with this cove?" giving Young King Brady a kick with his foot.

"We'll slit his gullet," said Biff, brutishly. "But jest now we'll take him along to help out in the safe breaking."

"Take hold of him, Mike."

Hurl and Carter lifted the detective.

They carried him along the hallway to a door which had the name of Sharpe & Dunn on the glass.

Here Biff produced a key.

He had secured this by dosing the janitor with knockout drops as he had declared he would do.

It took but a moment to open the door to the brokers' office.

They entered the outer room.

Before them was a long counter and a glass partition dividing this from the counting room.

In this partition was a door which Biff opened with another key.

The various desks used by the clerks and the big safe occupied this room.

A dim light glowed in this room.

At regular hours the watchman or janitor of the building paid a visit to the outer office to see that all was well.

But that watchman was now stowed away in a corner of a Chatham street dive, under the demoralizing influence of knockout drops.

The coast was clear.

Into the inner office Young King Brady was dragged.

He was left lying on the floor.

But glancing at him suddenly, McClure said:

"Look here, you can't trust that weasel. Give me some rope, Dixy, and we'll make sure of him."

The confidence man produced a piece of rope.

Young King Brady was raised to his feet, and then bound securely to an iron pillar, which supported the ceiling of the room.

The four safe breakers then went to work.

McClure was a safe expert.

He claimed to be particularly well acquainted with the Mosler safe, and this was one of them.

For a long while he worked on the combination. Backward and forward, round and round he worked the knob of the combination lock.

"Forty-third combination," he said, after forty minutes' work. "By ginger, this is a hard one. I reckon it was made lately and there may be a new bolt somewhere."

But suddenly there was a whirl and a click, and the big safe door moved back.

Whispers of exultation escaped the quartette.

"We got 'em!" gritted McClure.

"Bring up the drills!"



"Give me that oil!"

"Steady now!"

Work began on the inner door of the safe. It was easier to drill this open than to try picking the lock. So McClure worked on it valiantly.

He drilled several small holes about the lock.

Then he inserted a steel rod and made an effort to throw the tumblers over. It did not work.

A curse escaped the villain.

"Give me another drill," he said.

Again he began drilling.

This was not done by striking blows on the drill as might be supposed.

The safe breaker had a powerful bit with a heavy leverage, which drove the drill back and forth swiftly and silently like a steam drill, with every up and down pressure on the bit.

It was an effective and with the use of oil a noiseless way of drilling a hole in the toughest steel.

It took some time to drill this hole.

The four safe breakers were intent upon their task.

They forgot all about their prisoner in this absorption. But Young King Brady had not been able to take any advantage of this remissness for all that.

He was too well bound.

But his keen ear had detected a sound which gave him a great thrill.

This was a peculiar grating and sliding sound, faint, but yet to him distinguishable.

It came from the hall beyond the counting room.

The young detective knew instantly what it meant.

Somebody was coming in at the window, by means of the rope ladder.

The safe breakers did not hear this. They were working industriously on the safe lock.

Suddenly, though, McClure dropped his bit and turned.

His quick ear had caught a sound which set his nerves tingling.

"Hist!" he whispered. "Pull your shootin' irons. We're dogged!"

Then he picked up the dark lantern and sent its rays toward the counting room door.

The sight beheld by the safe breakers was one which gave them a thrilling shock.

Crouched by the safe door, their half-masked faces half in gloom, their eyes followed the pathway of light from the dark lantern.

And it shone full upon the doorway in which stood a tall, somber figure.

It was a figure familiar to all, and the sight of which had struck terror to the heart of many an evil doer.

One exclamation escaped their lips.

"Old King Brady!"

It was indeed the old detective.

He stood there like an accusing statue, with the brim of his white felt hat pulled over his strong features, but the glistening of his eyes could be seen in the flashing light.

In each hand he gripped a revolver.

For an instant the tableau was one worthy of an artist.

Young King Brady saw in that moment that he was saved.

"Hands up!"

The command came in a stern voice of command. So forceful was it that the robbers instantly complied.

They dropped their revolvers.

Up went their hands.

Old King Brady took a step into the room. His 7 revolvers yet covered the villains.

Then a startling thing occurred.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE DETECTIVES MAKE AN IMPORTANT CAPTURE.

WHEN Old King Brady ensconced himself in the dark shadows of a doorway in Wall street to await developments, as we left him in a previous chapter, he had but a slight intimation that exciting incidents were close at hand.

He waited long and patiently.

He was not in a position to see Bent and Carter or Young King Brady's pursuit of them.

But the incident of their return for the forgotten tools gave Old King Brady the cue.

They passed, shadow-like, directly by him on their way to get the tools.

Of course he took the scent.

They disappeared at the spiked screen just as they did when Young King Brady missed them.

Old King Brady had the same experience. It was a long while before he found the rope ladder and means of scaling the iron screen.

But when he did find it, it is needless to say that he took quick advantage of it.

He quickly found his way into the area and the rest was easy.

He arrived on the scene as we have witnessed at a critical point.

McClure had almost succeeded in forcing the inner door of the safe.

A few moments more and the one hundred thousand dollars therein would have been in the hands of the robbers.

But Old King Brady in the nick of time brought his revolvers to bear on the rascals.

It looked as if the advantage was his.

Still it must not be forgotten that the odds were four to one.

For one man to hold four in check even with two revolvers was no light task.

It was Old King Brady's plan to cut Young King Brady's bonds and then with his assistance manacle the quartette.

It would be a capture sufficient to make the fame of any two detectives in the world.

Old King Brady advanced and for an instant lowered one of his revolvers.

He made a quick movement and displaced the gag



in Young King Brady's mouth. Another moment and he would have cut his bonds.

But in that moment, a dire catastrophe occurred.

Quick as a flash Biff McClure upset the lantern.

This left total darkness in the room. Swift as a flash Old King Brady turned to the counting room door.

But he was too late.

He grappled with one unseen foe and brought him down with a mighty crash to the floor.

He grasped another and a long and sanguinary struggle followed.

Old King Brady finally downed him and manacled him in the dark. Then he was able to get at his lantern and throw light on the scene.

One of the safe breakers lay near Young King Brady unconscious.

It was Dixy Bent.

The one Old King Brady had manacled, and who was now cowering in the corner, was big Mike Hurl.

He was a powerful, gigantic fellow, and had given the old detective as hard a struggle as he had had for years.

Young King Brady was writhing in his bonds.

"If you could only have liberated me," he said.

"Too bad!" said Old King Brady, philosophically; "but we've got two of the villains."

He cut Young King Brady's bonds.

The young detective shook himself, and then grasped the old detective's hand.

"You saved my life," he said. "I was sure you would be on hand."

"Only got two," said the old detective, with a chuckle. "Well, that looks better."

Young King Brady was astonished.

"Didn't you want the other two?" he asked.

"Not yet," replied Old King Brady, with satisfaction. "It is just as well to let them have a little more rope. Still, if we had bagged all four it would have been well enough."

"But we've not got the two ring leaders," said the young detective, with disappointment. "McClure and Carter are the rogues. These men are only tools."

"All the better."

"Eh?"

"Young man, you will understand what I mean before we are through with this case. Things are not so simple yet."

"Well, I think they are ripening fast."

"Yes, yes; that may be."

The old detective turned the senseless Bent over on his back. Then he contemplated Hurl a moment. Like a hawk reaching into his pocket, he took out a big plug and bit off a piece.

Meanwhile, Young King Brady, meanwhile, had gone to see what means McClure and Carter had escaped.

They had made their way to the roof, and gone off to the other roofs.

They had not attempted to descend into the area.

They were easily beyond pursuit, and the young detective returned to the broker's office.

Old King Brady had manacled Bent, who had now come to his senses.

The old detective found a burglar alarm in the hall, which he knew connected with headquarters.

He rang up the call, and a short while later the building was surrounded on two sides, at least, by police.

The prisoners were brought downstairs to the lower floor of the building.

Here Old King Brady found keys to the outer doors and admitted the patrol officers. Explanations were quickly made, and in a few moments Bent and Hurl were on their way to the Tombs.

Two of the villains were corralled.

The other two were yet at large.

The affair created a sensation in Wall street.

Sharpe & Dunn were startled when they became aware how near they had come to losing their hundred thousand dollars.

They were also very grateful to the two Bradys.

But when they wished to express their gratitude in a more tangible way, they were unable to find the two heroes of the occasion.

The Bradys had disappeared.

At headquarters nothing was known of their whereabouts. But the Wall street brokers tried hard to find them.

Bent and Hurl were held in the Tombs pending a trial for burglary.

Attempts were made to force or induce them to confess and implicate others.

But in vain.

They were sullen and silent.

The chief of the Secret Service was however very much elated and very confident.

"You will see," he said to a friend, "Old King Brady and his young pupil will yet solve that mystery of the ticker. It is coming."

Mr. Seth Hardman, who was very much interested in the matter, had offered a reward of ten thousand dollars for the solution of the mystery.

Hundreds of detectives answered to this at once.

Thousands of theories were advanced and many scents followed. But without any success whatever.

The chief of the Secret Service only smiled and nodded knowingly. He looked to the two Bradys for the solution of the case.

But what had become of the famous detectives?

If they had dropped from sight, so also had McClure and Carter.

These two villains had left not the slightest trace behind them.

Old King Brady and Young King Brady, however, had not waited for daylight to get on the trail of their birds again.

After delivering Bent and Hurl to the police, Old King Brady took Harry Brady by the arm, and said:

"Come! We must get there before they do?"

"Where?" asked the young detective.



Old King Brady then gave in detail his experiences from the time of the auction at Willard Hall's offices to the mooring of the barge in the little bay at Staten Island.

Young King Brady listened with intense interest.

"That is curious!" he said. "So McClure bid you down on that lot of salt pork?"

"Yes!"

"What could have been his object?"

"I have not yet been able to guess," replied Old King Brady.

"To me it is very strange."

"Just a little!"

"And they have taken the barge over to Staten Island?"

"Yes!"

"What can they be up to?"

"Well," said the old detective, conclusively, "I think that barge has been a blind and a fence for them. In its hold they have been able to conceal stolen plunder, and also to hide when pursued by the law."

"Just so!"

"Now they have found it too hot for them in New York, and they have feared that the barge would be raided, so they move it to a safe distance, where it will not be likely to be found."

"It serves a rendezvous just the same."

"Exactly!"

"And you think it likely that McClure and Carter have gone to the barge to hide?"

"Yes!"

"In that case——"

"We must go there at once."

"All right!"

"There are some queer things about that barge I wish to solve. I am very anxious to know what sort of a cargo besides potatoes and salt pork she carries."

"A good idea!"

So it was decided to at once make for the barge. Accordingly the two detectives started for South street.

At that early hour it was of course out of the question to get a boat for Staten Island.

This must be abandoned.

To wait for the first steamer might be fatal delay.

So Young King Brady said:

"I am good at the oars. Let us get a rowboat, and I'll pull her over to the island."

It was easy to find boats around the Battery.

A night watchman who patrolled a wharf just beyond the ferry dock, owned a boat, and he let it to the detective gladly.

Young King Brady was an athletic young man, and as he declared, good at the oars.

So he gave way with a will, and the distance to Staten Island was covered in comparatively quick time.

Along the shore the detective pulled in the early morning light.

They saw nothing of any other boat on the way over.

Yet they knew that McClure and Carter could hope to reach the barge in no other way.

Stealthily they rowed along the shore.

Then suddenly they came to the bend which made the little cove spoken of by Old King Brady as the place where the barge was anchored.

Into the cove they silently glided.

But to their amazement no sign of the barge was to be seen.

The place where it had been moored was vacant.

The huge craft was gone.

Aghast Old King Brady stared at the spot.

"Humph!" he said, finally. "That is mighty queer. What can have become of her?"

"They have taken her somewhere else," suggested Young King Brady.

But the old detective shook his head.

"No," he said. "They could not have done that."

## CHAPTER X.

### AT THE SAILORS' SNUGGERY.

"I DON'T see why they could not," argued Young King Brady.

"Well, I can."

"How?"

"They cannot have had time. Moreover, it would take a tug to move her."

"Ah, but she is gone."

"That is true."

"What do you make of that?"

The old detective was silent awhile.

Then he said:

"Give me the oars."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going back to New York."

Young King Brady was amazed.

"What is that for?" he asked.

"Those two villains did not come over here."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"What does it mean?"

"It means that they spirited that barge away somewhere else after I was here yesterday."

"That might be!" agreed Young King Brady. "But they cannot have gone far with it in that limited time."

"Probably not! But I am sure McClure and Carter did not come over here this morning. They are still in New York."

"You believe it?"

"I do!"

"Let us go back there, then!"

"That is what I wish to do. Give me the oars. But Young King Brady sat down and adjusted his oars." ere  
to re-

"I will row back, Mr. Brady," he said. "I am used to it." King  
anacle  
fame

"But you rowed over."

"Pshaw! that is only a pleasure tour. Come, I'll show you the tiller."

Old King Brady was forced to yield. The young



otive gave way at the oars, and the course back to the Battery was quickly covered.

When they arrived there it was broad daylight. But both detectives wore clever disguises, so they were not known as they came upon the wharf.

They now had work cut out for them of a most trying and puzzling nature.

McClure and Carter were not the kind of villains to leave a scent behind them, which a detective might follow.

They were shrewd and cunning and would be pretty successful to cover up their tracks most effectually.

But an idea came to Young King Brady. He often had heard speak of a place in West street, known as the Sailors' Snuggery.

Up to this he believed it would pay to go.

For it was well known that this place was the rendezvous of crooks and land sharks. Many an unwary sailor had fallen into the place to his sorrow.

He communicated this fact to Old King Brady. "Just a likely place for them to hide in," he decided.

"Shall we go there?"

"By all means!"

So the two detectives disguised themselves as sailors and early in the afternoon sauntered down West street.

The Sailors' Snuggery was not a place altogether easy to find.

Indeed, its very success as a cutthroat den was due to the fact that access to it was indirect.

A narrow passage between buildings led to a dingy, dirty courtyard.

Blank walls formed three sides to this court, while the front of the building in which was the Snuggery formed the fourth side.

The door was of glass, painted a dull green.

Over it was a sign:

#### THE SAILORS' SNUGGERY.

Walk in and Wet Your Whistles. The Sailors' True Friend. Rooms \$1.00. Board Cheap.

But this sign was a most misleading decoy.

The rooms in the Snuggery were hardly as large as a seaman's own chest.

The board was of the dirtiest and most unwholesome description.

The sailors' true friend was a most disreputable old fellow with a glass eye and a wooden leg, named Jerry Stimpel.

Jerry had once been a sailor himself, but he was no philanthropist or knight of honor. A bigger rascal he went unhung.

Dirty, leering, evil and vicious, he hovered in his lair like a horrid spider in a loathsome web.

As soon as poor Jack returned from his long cruise, he accidentally dropped into the place, he was at once picked up.

The chances of getting all his money and leaving his destitute were cleverly counted.

Jerry Stimpel did worse.

He had paid agents, smooth, plausible fellows, arrant villains at heart, on every wharf.

When a vessel came in, these chaps laid for and enticed the poor sailors into the den of infamy.

There he was filled up with vile liquor, flattered and cajoled, and then robbed and stripped of everything valuable, and kicked out.

Not until poor Jack got afloat again was he safe.

To this place the two King Bradys were going.

So it happened that at the close of the day two trig-looking seamen as ever climbed a ship's side and made their way into Stimpel's place.

They rolled into the little barroom with the freedom of all Jackies ashore.

Stimpel rubbed his wicked little optics, stared at them, and then made his chops go like a dog with a bone.

"Ach, Himmel! Make yourselves at home, gentlemen. Vat will you haf to make your heart glad?"

"Whisky," said one of them, in a deep rolling voice.

It was an unusual thing for a sailor to call for whisky.

Rum was their standard drink.

The little German looked at them critically a moment, but he was satisfied with that scrutiny.

That his customers were sailors to the core he made no doubt.

So simpering and bowing he placed a whisky bottle on the bar, together with four dingy-looking glasses.

"Now, mate," said the taller of the two, "lay to and stow your tank full. Don't mind the cost, for I've the money to pay. Eh, skipper?"

"Right you are, mine goot fellow," replied Stimpel.

"All right, me hearty," said the younger sailor.

"Good fortune and a prosperous voyage."

"Long life and a fair harbor."

"Ay, ay!"

Up went the glasses.

Almost instantly they came down again and empty.

Stimpel's head had been under the bar. When he lifted it he saw the empty glasses, and reckoned that the two sailors had drank the liquor.

He chuckled silently.

For well he knew that in that vile concoction there was something which would work dire confusion to the brains of the sailors in a short while.

Before they should leave his place they would be senseless, and at his mercy.

Scant indeed would be their store of cash when once they got away from this den of iniquity.

Stimpel, when accused of such dealing by one of his own ilk, would only rub his hands, chuckle and reply:

"Ach, mein Gott! And why not? Dey wouldt shoost gif all dot money away to some odders, an' de sailor ish better off mitout it. Den he go back to his ship, an' I might shoost as vell haf dot money as any-von else."

After drinking the two sailors strolled away from the bar.



Just back of the drinking saloon was a long hall, with a polished floor.

In the open space in the center, women of the lower classes congregated evenings and danced with men of questionable character to the music of a machine band.

Tables were scattered about at which one could sit and drink. There was also a dingy platform with tawdry scenery where amateur artists tried their skill at song and dance work.

There are many places in the Bowery very similar to Stimpel's den.

But perhaps worse scenes were enacted at the latter place, for the fact that it was out of the way and seldom disturbed by the police, with whom Stimpel seemed to have a pull.

Into this dance hall the two sailors wandered.

A few people were already scattered about the place, and white aproned waiters were attending to them.

The two sailors glanced about the place and one said to the other in an undertone:

"We have some time to wait, Harry."

"That is all right," said Young King Brady. "It is just as well to be on hand early."

"We had better get a seat at one of these tables."

"All right."

At one of the tables the two detectives sat down. They called for two glasses of beer, which they pretended to sip.

The while they talked in an undertone. People who entered glanced at them carelessly and passed on.

Time passed slowly.

The evening went on, and the little music hall began to fill up.

Presently the band machine began to play.

Then people came in faster.

Stimpel all the while remained behind his bar dealing out liquor to the throng of waiters.

His rotund face beamed with most intense satisfaction.

He was doing a good business.

The two sailors yet remained at their table.

They were sipping their beer and scrutinizing everybody about them.

Suddenly the elder sailor gave a start, and whispered to his companion.

"At the sixth table from us sits a man who will bear watching."

Young King Brady looked in that direction. He saw a man of the ordinary longshoreman type sitting at the table sucking a julep through a straw.

Now, longshoremen are not in the habit of sucking juleps through straws.

Beer or ale is their drink.

This longshoreman wore a heavy beard. His eyebrows were black and beetling, and he had fair white hands unlike a man used to rough work.

The two detectives studied him closely.

Then Young King Brady put a hand on Old King Brady's arm, and said in a whisper:

"Do you know that fellow?"

"Do you?"

"I believe I do. Those whiskers are false. He is no other than the very man we want, Biff McClure!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE LADY WITH THE VEIL.

OLD KING BRADY did not seem the least affected by this announcement.

He only smiled grimly.

"Then you recognize him?" he asked.

"I do now."

"Didn't you at first?"

"No. Did you?"

"I knew him the moment he entered the place," affirmed Old King Brady.

"The deuce!" exclaimed the young detective. "By what mark?"

"The whiskers."

"You knew they were false?"

"Sure."

"Well," admitted Young King Brady, "that is how I knew him too. I saw the disguise, and looking closer recognized his features."

"It is a poor disguise."

"Exceedingly so. What shall we do? Will we arrest him?"

"No."

"Eh?"

"Of course not."

Young King Brady was nonplused.

"If we allow him to remain at large too long is there not danger that he may elude us?"

"It will serve our purpose better to shadow him," explained the old detective. "If we lock him up now, the mystery of the stock ticker will go unsolved."

"You still believe this gang connected with that affair?"

"I do."

Young King Brady always had the most lively respect for the elder detective's opinions.

But in this matter he felt that he was a little "off," to use a slang term. So far he had seen nothing to warrant a conviction that McClure and his gang were in the remotest way connected with the tragedy told by the ticker.

"There is another reason," said the old detective. "Sid Carter is not here. It would scare him into securing hiding to learn that McClure was in limbo."

"Well, that is a point," admitted Young King Brady.

"Again, we do not know where that barge is hidden. I believe a solution of the entire affair is to be found aboard that craft. We must locate that."

"Very true."

"We can only do so by allowing these rascals to go right on for awhile longer, but meanwhile keeping a close watch on them. The tangle will unravel itself in time."

Young King Brady began to see that in this respect he was wrong and the older detective was right.



So he said:  
"I knuckle! You have got the thing laid out all right. I believe we'll have the whole story within a week."

At this moment the whiskered longshoreman smiled and nodded as a person entered the music hall.

The Bradys glanced quickly at this newcomer.

And as they did so, both gave a start.

It was a woman.

She was of medium figure, dressed far better than the average habitue of the place, and wore a veil.

"A woman!" gasped Young King Brady.

The old detective's features were inscrutable. He was silent.

It was the first intimation that either had received of the existence of a woman in the case.

Truly affairs were complicating.

Who was she?

What relation did she bear to McClure?

These questions could not be answered at once.

The two detectives watched her narrowly.

She did not lift her veil. She talked long and confidently with McClure.

But on the whole there was nothing strange in it.

There were thousands of women crooks in the country. Hard, dangerous women, who would do anything at nothing.

That McClure should be in collusion with one was very odd.

But just how to place her was the question. However, the discovery of her existence, the detectives regarded as a very important development.

It gave them a new thread to follow.

For a long time the woman sat conversing with McClure.

Then both looked up and smiled and nodded to a portly, square jawed man in ordinary dress, who came into the music hall.

For a moment the two detectives were disposed to regard him as also a new factor.

Then Young Brady exclaimed:

"It is Sid Carter!"

The old detective nodded.

"Right, young man," he said. "Your penetration is good."

And Carter sat down at the table with McClure and the veiled woman.

A long consultation followed.

The two detectives would have given much for an opportunity to overhear that conversation.

But this was impossible.

The table sat alone and apart from any screen or anything else behind which a listener could have secreted himself.

All that could be done safely was to sit still and watch developments.

The three plotters did not pay any heed to the two detectives.

It was evident that they had not the slightest suspicion of them.

This was in the detective's favor.

An hour passed.

The habitues of the place had begun dancing, and the high carnival was in progress.

The three plotters after awhile called for beer.

They drank freely and seemed in high spirits. They laughed and applauded the dancers.

It was nearly eleven o'clock ere they made a move to leave the place.

Then all three passed out into the saloon, past the grinning Stimpel and into the court. The two sailors were now at the bar.

"We must follow them," said Old King Brady. "It is important."

"Yes," agreed Harry Brady. "What if they separate?"

"We will see."

The sailors passed into the court. While the three plotters were making their way into the street the two detectives were watching them.

Out onto West street they went.

Here, at the corner of a street and under the glare of a street lamp, they separated.

McClure and Carter went off down West street toward the Battery.

The veiled woman struck up a side street toward Broadway. Quick action was necessary.

"What shall we do?" asked Young King Brady.

"It is necessary to know who that veiled woman is," said the old detective.

"Yes."

"You follow her and I will take the two men. As soon as you have finished your lead, leave a letter for me at the Astor House. I will do the same."

"All right."

The two detectives separated.

Old King Brady vanished on the track of the two thugs, Carter and McClure.

Let us for awhile follow the adventures of Young King Brady.

The young detective was not slow to get on the track of the veiled woman. She did not get away from him.

Up to Broadway he followed her.

Here she boarded a cable car.

It was an uptown car.

Young King Brady followed her.

He sat at the opposite end of the car and averted his face that she might not recognize him as one of the sailors in the music hall.

At Fiftieth street she alighted.

The sailor rode a few yards further and dropped from the front platform of the car while it was yet in motion.

He had not lost sight of his bird.

She turned down Fiftieth street.

A short distance down this thoroughfare she paused and looked up and down the dimly-lit sidewalk.

Young King Brady was invisible behind the stoop of a rich brownstone house. There were some fine houses on this street.



After looking carefully up and down the street, the veiled woman, to Young King Brady's surprise, ascended the steps of the house.

It was a palatial residence, one of the best in the street.

The detective glided nearer.

He saw the woman pass up the steps and into the house. The great door closed behind her with a clang.

The young detective rubbed his eyes.

"Whew!" he muttered. "This adds to the mystery. She is evidently one of the upper ten."

For awhile Young King Brady watched in front of the house.

It was dark so far as light in any of the windows facing the street could be seen.

This was not strange, for it was the midnight hour. Probably the other occupants were in bed.

But what manner of woman was this, so evidently of the wealthy class who had appointment with such men as Biff McClure and Sid Carter in one of the most disreputable resorts in New York?

The young detective felt that he was upon a new scent.

That it would lead to important results he felt sure. He was determined not to drop it.

After awhile he ventured to silently creep up to the steps and into the outer vestibule of the mansion.

All was darkness.

He listened.

All was silence.

Then he lit a match. It illumined the interior of the vestibule for a moment.

Then he saw the name plate on the big oaken door. Thus it read:

#### WILLARD HALL.

For a moment Young King Brady was dumfounded. A swift revulsion came over him.

Like a flash he recalled the words of Old King Brady.

"In some manner these four rogues are connected with the murder told by the ticker."

Here was one thread followed to a certain conclusion. A veiled woman who had access to the house of the missing shipowner, was seen in consultation in a vile den at a late hour, with two of New York's greatest thugs.

What else could it mean but that Willard Hall's strange fate was known to a member of his own household?

It was a horrible thought.

Yet such crimes were known.

Homicide, fratricide, matricide, were all crimes seen on the register of justice.

Detectives accept only cold, hard facts. Young King Brady saw at once that the mysterious disappearance of Willard Hall could be explained by a member of his own household, who was also in collusion with those who might be the real murderers, McClure and Carter.

But who was this member of the household?

## CHAPTER XII.

### YOUNG KING BRADY IS PUZZLED.

THIS was the puzzling question now confronting Young King Brady.

Willard Hall was a widower.

He had no daughter.

Who, then, was this veiled woman?

For some while Young King Brady pondered over the mystery. He was determined to solve it.

He was ever fertile in expedients.

It did not take him long to invent a plan. He hastened to put it into execution.

A little narrow court led to the rear of the mansion.

An iron gate closed this, but it was no obstacle to Young King Brady.

He climbed over it and crept to the rear of the house. In a side window he saw a light.

Peeping Tom is a character odious to all, but for once in his life Young King Brady felt impelled to play it.

So he climbed up a trellis and reached the ledge of the window.

Fortunately the curtains were drawn, and he could see the interior of the room beyond.

It was a richly-furnished library.

There were great shelves of rare and costly books. Fine paintings adorned the wall.

A table occupied the center of the room. At it in pajamas sat a young man engaged in writing.

At a glance Young King Brady recognized him. He was the nephew of the dead man, the broker, All Cliff.

Since the death of the shipowner Cliff had taken charge of the mansion. As sole heir this he had the right to do.

For some while the detective watched the young broker.

But after awhile Cliff took a hand lamp, and extinguishing the library light left the room.

The light shone soon in a chamber above. Then it went out.

The detective knew that Cliff had retired. The house was completely dark now.

After satisfying himself on this score, Young King Brady went back to the street. He felt that he had done all that could be done that night.

He had not gained his point, however, which was the identity of the veiled lady. It was perplexing.

In vain the young detective tried to account for the affair. He had seen her enter the Hall mansion.

Of this he was sure.

Entering it, she must some time emerge. He would wait for that moment, and then shadow her.

This would be easy.

But it was hardly likely that she would come again that night. He therefore decided to seek a few hours' rest.

Accordingly, he went to a small hotel near and secured a room.

Young King Brady slept until six o'clock. The



arose, ate breakfast, and made his way back to Fiftieth street.

He took up a position near the Hall mansion and waited.

At nine o'clock the front door opened.

A young man came down the steps.

It was Allan Cliff.

He walked away briskly for the elevated railroad station. The young detective did not follow him.

He did not consider him yet an all important factor. In any event, he knew where to find him when he should want him.

An hour passed.

But no veiled lady appeared.

The detective was looking and hoping to see a rich brougham drive up and take the object of his interest to a drive in the park.

But nothing of the kind happened.

Presently, however, a butler came out of the courtyard. He had a basket on his arm, and was evidently on the way to market.

"He's mine!" muttered the detective.

In a moment Young King Brady swung around the corner and followed the butler. He stopped after awhile at a provision market.

Next to it was a saloon.

The young detective's plans were quickly made. He waited until the butler came out of the market.

Then he went boldly up to him hitching up his trousers in sailor fashion.

"Bless my soul, Andy McGee," he cried, heartily. "It's glad I am to see ye, and do ye remember the day we parted in ould Connaught—axin' your pardon, but yez are the loikeness av a dear frind."

The pseudo sailor bowed profoundly. The butler, who was a true Irishman grinned and did the same.

"It's hopin' yer frind Andy McGee was a good luk-in' man," he said.

"Shure, mate, and he was," assured Young King Brady. "Wan av the foinest."

"Bless me heart! It's a koind worrud ye have, an' jist from the say."

"I've been a sailor for tin years or more."

"Och, hone! Ye don't say!"

"I do that, and I'd give me frind Andy a roight good turn av Irish whisky now av I cud foind him!"

"Shure, do I luk enough loike him for a substitute?"

"That yez do, an' av ye'll sthep aside wid me—"

"Me friend McNulty kapes a bar roight here," declared the butler. "It shall be my threat."

"Divil a bit! Shiver me toplights, but it's moine!"

Young King Brady knew now that the butler was his.

It was not long ere both were at the bar engaged in sampling McNulty's whisky. The butler took a good five fingers straight.

In a few moments his tongue was loose. Young King Brady had him going.

There was a great interchange of blarney and other cheap talk. Then Young King Brady asked:

"Shure, mate, and do yez live in anny of these foine houses hereabouts?"

"That I do. The ninth from the corner here. It's a foine place, but worra, worra, the good masther has gone away an' no wan kin tell whither he is dead or aloive."

"Yez don't mane it!"

"Shure, it's so. An' the young nevvv has come to run the house an' get all the poor ould man's money. It's not long I'll sthay there now."

"Shure, an' phwy not?"

"Bad cess to the nevvv!"

"Is it that same house where I saw the young lady wid a veil coming out av?" asked the detective at random.

"Divil a bit!" replied the butler. "Shure, there's no leddy in our house only Nora McGrady, the cook."

Here was a go.

Young King Brady was stumped.

"Mebbe it was nixt door?" he said.

"I think not. On wan soide is a bachelor's cloob, an' the other soide is an impty house!"

The young detective was astounded.

No amount of plying could get the butler to say anything different. And he appeared to be speaking the truth.

After a long time, Young King Brady gave up the attempt.

He parted company with the butler, and then walked up as far as the park and sat down.

He tried in vain to figure the mystery out.

It was a corker.

He must believe his senses.

He had certainly seen the young lady enter the Hall house. She was no apparition, either.

What should he do?

"It may be that she stays there and the servants know nothing about it," he reflected. "I believe I will change my tactics."

He went over to the elevated station and took a downtown train. He then went straight to Broad street.

For an hour or more he hung about the office of Cliff & Call.

Cliff was in the Stock Exchange, but returned later. The young detective decided upon a new game.

He retired to an unobserved corner and quickly effected a change in his disguise. The sailor jacket was turned inside out and lengthened by means of unbuttoning an extension.

The trousers were all right and the shirt was covered by an adjustable white bosom, collar and tie.

The sailor hat was folded and stowed away in an inner pocket.

A soft felt hat with narrow brim came from another pocket as a substitute.

Then Young King Brady deftly and swiftly made over his face.

A pair of siders were used and a short imperial.



They were skillfully gummed so that detection was impossible.

Thus made up, Young King Brady sallied forth. He saw his man, Cliff, coming rapidly out of the building in which was his office.

He awkwardly contrived to collide with the broker, who dropped an oath, but the young detective called out:

"Beg yure pardon, sir. Kin yew tell me where Mister Cliff's office is?"

The bucket shop dealer shot a swift glance at Young King Brady. Then he smiled broadly.

For a flatter-looking countryman he had never seen. He at once sized him up as the confidence man does his game.

"Hello!" he said softly. "My name is Cliff. Do you want to see me?"

"Air yew Mister Cliff?" cried the disguised detective, thrusting forth his hand. "Durned ef I ain't proud to meet ye! I'm Olanthus Smythers of Squat Holler, Tioga County."

"Ah, Mr. Smythers, what can I do for you?"

"Gosh! I'm lucky tew find you so easy, ain't I? Jerry Dump, our postmaster, he was daown here to York awhile ago, an' he sed yew did beautifully by him in stocks. He made a heap of money, he said. Naow, I've a notion to try the stock market myself."

"Oh, you have, eh?" said Cliff, in his soft and seductive way. "Buy May wheat, then. I'll take your order right here."

He pulled out a notebook. Young King Brady displayed a roll of bills.

"Oh, I've got ther money. I sold ther farm fer eleven thousand. I s'pose I oughter make a million outen that."

Cliff's eyes glittered.

"Why, certainly," he said. "Shall I place your order for eight or ten thousand May wheat?"

"I reckon. But wait a minute. It's my treat. Gosh hang it, I like yure looks, Mister Cliff. Come out an' have somethin'. Haw, haw!"

Young King Brady threw out his stomach and strutted a bit. He saw that he had Cliff all right.

"I'm in a bit of a hurry, Mr. Smythers, but I'll make an appointment with you. Meet me here in thirty minutes, and we'll dine and then talk stocks afterwards."

"I'm yer huckleberry!" cried Mr. Smythers, enthusiastically. "I mean to be a second Jim Fiske, I do!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### ANOTHER MEETING AT STIMPEL'S.

THE young detective was elated with his success in falling in so easily with Cliff.

He hoped to hit something with this chance for a lead.

He, however, hated to lose sight of Cliff. So as the latter started down the street he did the same.

"I've been over to another office," he said, "an' they wanted me to buy railroad stocks."

Cliff gave a start.

"Don't you do it," he said, persuasively. "I tell you wheat is the thing. Cereals are going up."

"Wall, I'll jest go over and tell 'em."

The bait caught.

Cliff instantly took alarm.

A countryman and a first-class sucker with eleven thousand dollars in his clothes didn't fall into his maw every day.

He seized his arm.

"Look here, Smythers," he said in his most winning way, "never mind going over there just now."

"But I promised——"

"Never mind your promise. You can go there later. I'm only going to the telegraph office. Come with me!"

"All right! Jest as yew say."

And Smythers went along with Cliff. In a few moments they entered a Western Union Office.

Cliff hurriedly wrote a message.

Then he tore it up.

He wrote another.

This he took to the operator.

As his back was turned Smythers hurriedly picked up the fragments of the discarded telegram. At an unobserved moment he read from the connected pieces:

"B. MCCLURE,

"No. — West street, City.

"Be at Stimpe's at eleven. I must see you. Important. CLIFF."

The detective preserved these fragments. A few moments later they were on the way to a dining saloon.

Here a dinner was ordered.

Cliff brought out wine and plied his supposed verdant customer. Young King Brady continued to empty his glass in a cuspidore each time.

But he affected drunkenness. In fact this was his point.

After the dinner Cliff led the way to the office. Passing by the clerks they entered a private office.

"Now, Mr. Smythers," said the rascally broker, "it is for you to say how much May wheat you want!"

"Eh!" said Smythers, stolidly. "Don't want any to-night."

"What?" cried Cliff, angrily. "You have deceived me!"

"No, I hain't. I don't want anything to-night."

"Confound it!" muttered the broker, under his breath. "He got too much wine."

The more he argued with Smythers, the more obstinate he was. Cliff, however, was loath to lose a victim.

So he exacted a promise from him to come in the next day. Then he showed Smythers out.

The detective had made a gain.

"Eleven to-night at Stimpe's," he muttered. "I'll be there. It will be queer if Old King Brady is not there also."



He went over to the Astor House.  
There was a message there for him.  
He opened it and read:

"Stimpel's, eleven to-night.

"JAMES BRADY."

"Good!" muttered Young King Brady. "We will all be there."

He loitered around the hotel until nine o'clock. Then he took a train uptown.

Once more he was in Fiftieth street.

He sauntered to a point from whence he could see the front of the Hall mansion.

He waited some while. It was his purpose to shadow Cliff when he came out.

At 10:15 he saw the door of the palatial residence open.

Then he caught his breath.

A surprise was his.

Down the steps leisurely walked the veiled lady whom he had seen enter the place the night before.

"The deuce!" he exclaimed.

He rubbed his eyes.

He was not dreaming.

It was her.

She came down the steps and very leisurely walked toward Sixth avenue, pulling on her gloves.

Young King Brady followed.

At the elevated station she took a downtown train.

It is hardly necessary to say that the young detective occupied a seat just behind her and kept his eyes on her.

He tried in vain to study the face under the veil.

It was of too thick a texture to easily penetrate with the eye. At Park Place she left the car.

Without paying heed to anything about her she walked down as far as the corner of West street.

Here she paused and looked furtively up and down. She saw no person in the vicinity.

But when she turned down West street a man quickly stood on the spot she had left.

It was Young King Brady.

The young detective watched her until he saw her turn into the court leading to Stimpel's place.

Then he knew what the lay was.

She was no doubt keeping this appointment with McClure and Carter. Old King Brady would be there.

Young King Brady looked at his watch. It lacked only a few minutes of eleven o'clock.

He knew that the old detective would be promptly on hand. So he decided to at once enter Stimpel's.

But before doing this he changed his disguise.

He now affected the thread-bare dress of an itinerant book peddler. He put on mutton-chop whiskers and removed his false mustache.

Thus attired, he slid into the little court and soon was at Stimpel's door.

The machine band was going full blast. The sounds of coarse laughter and the patter of dancing feet came out on the night air.

Young King Brady glided into the barroom noiselessly.

Several men were drinking there.

He studied them closely, but could see none whom he could recognize as the two villains McClure and Carter.

The veiled lady had passed into the music hall.

Young King Brady went thither.

She was sitting at a table at the far end of the room. She was alone.

The young detective seated himself at a table and called for a glass of beer.

He did not at once venture to look around. When he did, he saw a big longshoreman at another table.

Something about him instantly struck Young King Brady as familiar.

He watched him a moment.

The longshoreman was looking at him.

Young King Brady made an almost imperceptible sign with his hand.

It was answered.

Then Old King Brady, for he it was, came over to the table and nodded in a careless way.

The two detectives affected to sip their beer and then the old detective said:

"You got my message?"

"Yes."

"What luck have you had?"

"Mixed. I have traced the veiled lady to a house where there is no lady resident. Can you guess where that was?"

"Where?"

"To Willard Hall's house!"

The old detective gave a violent start. He gazed keenly at Young King Brady and then said:

"You are not joking?"

"Not a bit of it."

"She entered that house?"

"Yes."

With this, Young King Brady recited his experiences. The elder detective listened with deep interest.

"Ah! I think I can see the game," he said finally.

"Indeed!"

"I will tell you later on."

"What luck did you have?"

"Very little. These chaps, McClure and Carter, are very wary. I have reason to believe that young Allan Cliff, the heir to Willard Hall's estate, is in collusion with them."

"So I think."

"Do you know I believe that the young villain knows where his uncle is, and whether dead or alive."

"Just my idea!" cried Young King Brady. "We have a long step toward the solution of the mystery."

"I think so."

"It is easy to see the motive. Once his uncle is out of the way young Cliff is heir to a large fortune."

"Exactly!"



"The uncle is out of the way."

"Yes."

"And he is fast coming into possession of the property. Well and good. Now the question is where is Willard Hall?"

"Probably in another world."

"But the body——"

"We must find to prove the murder."

"Just so! Now Cliff is very thick with these villains whom we are tracking."

"They are his tools."

"No doubt they did the job."

"Exactly."

"And Cliff paid them!"

"Of course!"

"All this is easy so far. But to prove the crime."

"We must fall back upon the story told by the ticker."

Young King Brady was yet incredulous.

"I see no connection yet," he said.

"Time will show that," declared Old King Brady.

"But enough of that just now. What we must do is, find the body of Willard Hall, to establish the crime. But this veiled lady bothers us."

"Ay, that she does. I wonder who she can be?"

"That we must know this very evening."

At this moment the attention of the two detectives was claimed by an incident.

Two men had appeared and seated themselves beside the veiled lady. It was not difficult to recognize them.

They were McClure and Carter.

At once a long and confidential talk was indulged in by the trio.

The two detectives watched them.

For nearly an hour the trio continued their conversation. Then McClure seemed to grow excited.

Anger seemed to seize him, and he made violent gestures. But Carter appeared to argue with him, and then the three arose and left the place.

Old King Brady whispered.

"Harry, we must not lose them."

"You may depend on it," said Young King Brady.

"Things are coming our way. They have quarreled."

Nothing is so fatal to villainy and its concealment as a quarrel.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### SOME DEDUCTIONS ARE MADE.

McCLURE and Carter, with the mysterious veiled woman, left the saloon.

They disappeared through the court and out onto West street.

Two shrewd sleuths followed them.

Developments were at hand.

Along West street they went, and all the while they wrangled. Our detectives could not yet get near enough to overhear them.

But presently they turned and passed between two piles of lumber and vanished in the gloom.

Stealthily the two detectives crept after them.

It took them to the entrance upon a long pier. They heard the voices in the gloom far ahead.

On the pier were great heaps of merchandise, but no vessel was in the slip on either side.

The detectives crept out onto the pier behind these piles of casks and bales.

The three wranglers had gone to the extreme end of the pier.

The detectives had no trouble now in the gloom in reaching a point where the words spoken by the villains could be heard.

And an astonishing revelation was accorded them.

The woman seemed to be doing the most of the talking.

What was more, her voice was astonishingly masculine, and every sentence interlarded with oaths.

"I suppose you fellows think you've caught a big sucker, but I can tell you not to be so sure," she snapped, savagely.

"Thet's all right," growled McClure, in an ugly manner. "But I don't think our requests are out of ther way a little bit."

"Nor I!" chimed in Carter.

"You want to play the part of a leech on me," declared the woman.

"We want what belongs to us."

"You'll get it! You've had more than you deserve, now."

"We ain't had what we're goin' to have," said Carter, doggedly.

"There's two minds about that," gritted the woman.

"We've done yer dirty work, an' it was a dirty job. Now we want another thousand and we're goin' to have it."

"You won't get it."

"Eh! do ye mean thet?"

"You'll find I do!"

A bitter curse and the shuffling of feet followed. Then a grating voice:

"You're two against one. I'll give you the money this time, but it's the last you'll get!"

A hoarse chuckle followed.

"We'll see about that, my hearty. Thar's our two boys in the Tombs. Dixy an' Mike did good work for you. Are you goin' to leave 'em there?"

"What's that to me? I didn't get 'em in there."

"That don't make no diffrunce."

"Yes, it does! You fellows went off onto another job, and a foolhardy one, too. You'd have been on the way to Europe now if it hadn't been for that. You can't beat around those two Bradys."

Curses loud and deep followed.

"The Bradys will be onto you yet."

"Not much! If they do they'll run up against a snag."

"Brag is a good dog!"

"My dog bites well!"

"Wall, whar's the thousand?"

"Take it!"



A shuffling of feet followed, and then there was a glimmer of a match.

"Count it, Sid!"

"All right!"

"Is it all thar?"

"Yes!"

"All right then, we're off! So long, Mister Millionaire. We wish ye well of yer ill-gotten gains. Be sure ye turn the right trump, or even a hand like ours will be sure to fail. Good-night!"

"I'll take care of my game, and the trumps, too," retorted the mocking voice.

Then the sliding of bodies over the edge of the wharf followed, and the rattle of oars in rowlocks.

A moment later, and the flash in the water was lying out in the darkness.

Young King Brady had started up.

But the old detective gripped his arm.

"What are you going to do?"

"Why—we ought not to let them get away."

"Sh! Keep quiet! We're sure of them, anyway."

"But——"

"What?"

"What shall we do?"

"We'll follow this woman!"

"Woman?"

"Man in woman's guise!"

"Do you recognize him?"

"Sure! It is the young nephew."

Both detectives had reached the same conclusion, which doubtless the reader has by this time, that the veiled woman was, in reality, no woman, but Allan Cliff in disguise.

It was a complete explanation to Young King Brady of the incidents at the Willard Hall mansion.

There was no longer any doubt but that Allan Cliff had hired these assassins to do away with his uncle.

Here was the case in a nutshell.

The Bradys had succeeded in probing to their own satisfaction, the most diabolical and mysterious murder case New York had known for many a day.

But at this point they were at a complete standstill.

It would be easy enough to arrest all parties concerned.

But this very act, in Old King Brady's opinion, would preclude the actual exposition of the details of the crime.

The body had not been found, nor was there evidence which would stand in court that these parties were the murderers.

The single word of the detectives was not enough. The bringing of a murderer to justice cannot be accomplished by one man's word.

There must be plain and indisputable evidence. As yet the murder of Willard Hall had not even been established as a fact.

For not even the slightest bit of evidence had been found about the shipowner's offices.

No trace of blood, no signs of a struggle, or anything of the sort.

The millionaire had simply dropped out of sight. He might have gone away of his own accord.

Such cases were common.

Cases of mental aberration, the unseating of the mind by overwork or business cares. It was nothing out of reason.

So Old King Brady knew that it was now their line to discover what had been done with the body of the murdered man.

Cliff, in his disguise, now left the wharf, and was followed by the Bradys as far as the elevated station.

Here he was dropped.

Old King Brady said:

"He will simply go to his home. There is no further clew in that direction. We know where to find him when we want him."

"What shall we do now, then?" asked the younger detective.

"Go to our lodgings."

"And there?"

"Make deductions."

"Ah! Deductions?"

"Yes; I will show you. Come on."

Accordingly the Bradys went to their lodgings, and in the quiet and seclusion of their room the old detective produced his pipe and gave himself up to a habit peculiar to him.

This was deduction in the form of a soliloquy.

Young King Brady sat beside him and listened.

The old detective leisurely puffed at his pipe while the smoke wreaths filled the room.

"Willard Hall was a man of money," he said. "This young broker covets it. He lays a deep and dastard plot to get it. Not having the hardihood to commit murder himself he hires an assassin."

He puffed a moment.

"Biff McClure was no doubt the man he hired," he continued. "It was beyond doubt McClure who did the job. He was knifed."

"Knifed!" exclaimed Young King Brady. "How do you know that?"

The old detective placed a hand in his inner pocket.

He drew out a case enfolded in paper. Unfolding it a ghastly object was revealed.

It was a bloodstained knife.

"The knife we found on the roof," said Young King Brady. "You think——"

"That is the knife which killed Willard Hall."

The young detective was silent.

He was beginning to be convinced.

"Can you not see the connection?" continued the old detective. "I chased that fellow after leaving Willard Hall's office that dark night."

"You know in our pursuit he dropped the knife. What can be clearer?"

"But—where was the crime committed?"

"In the office!"

"Impossible! Such a murder in such a manner would have drenched the place with blood!"



The old detective gave a savage puff at his pipe.

"Not so!" he said. "Do you not know that once a knife is planted under a man's ribs, so long as the blade is not removed little blood will flow?"

"That is so!"

"Very well! This murderer was a skillful man. He allowed the knife to close the wound until he should have succeeded in disposing of the body. What could be easier to suppose?"

"Right."

"Then that explains why no blood was found in the offices. If you remember I did find a few drops on the flagging outside."

"Yes!"

"The murderer could have disposed of that body without leaving a trace; but in what manner did he dispose of it?"

"And where is the body?"

"Exactly."

Old King Brady puffed away.

"There was no cellar, no hole or corner," he resumed, thoughtfully. "Neither had the murderer, if he was alone, any time or opportunity to transport the body elsewhere."

"What evidence have we that he was alone in the crime?" asked Young King Brady.

"Only this: I was on the spot for a long while, and must have seen anyone go away if such had been the case."

For a long time there was silence.

Then the old detective resumed:

"Next clew was found at the auction sale. McClure and Carter were there. Bid against them on the barrels of pork—salt horse! Let me see. They were very anxious to secure the salt pork. Curious, wasn't it? Salt horse! Where does that term coincide? Heigho! Boy! Harry! Quick! I have hit it at last!"

And Old King Brady danced about like a crazy person.

## CHAPTER XV.

### OLD KING BRADY REACHES A CONCLUSION.

TRULY Young King Brady thought the old detective had gone daft.

He sprawled and leaped around like a chicken that has lost its head. After a number of comical evolutions and gyrations Old King Brady suddenly ceased and sank again into his chair.

Once more he lapsed into reverie and puffed away at his pipe.

The young detective rubbed his eyes.

"Look here!" he exclaimed. "What on earth struck you?"

"Hey?" exclaimed Old King Brady, with a start.

"Oh, oh, yes, Harry, have you a copy of that message told by the ticker?"

"Sure!" replied Young King Brady.

"Bring it here!"

Young King Brady took out his notebook. He scanned the pages and then turned down a leaf.

"Here it is!" he said.

Old King Brady read it.

Then his eyes glittered.

"Young man!" he said, austere, "I want you to give the old man credit for this. Listen!"

And with this Old King Brady read the message told by the ticker:

"Hello—Hello - - - - I have done the job - - - - It was dirty work - - - - I put the knife into his side - - - - His body will astonish some buyer of salt horse when they find it - - - - Have that ten thousand ready - - - - If you fail me I will stick you the same way - - - -"

Slowly old King Brady read this.

Then he dwelt on each sentence.

"Here is the puzzle and the key," he said. "Listen."

"I have done the job. It was dirty work. I put the knife into his side."

"Do you recall what I said to you about the knife and the possibility of the victim being murdered in that fashion?"

Young King Brady nodded.

The whole mystery was beginning to unfold to him.

"Now," continued Old King Brady, "here is prima facie evidence. His body will astonish some buyer of salt horse. Salt horse! That is salt pork. There was salt pork in the barrels so anxiously bid on by Carter. Those barrels were taken aboard the barge. That barge—where is it?"

The detective coolly whiffed at his pipe.

"I must make it my business to recover that salt horse," he said.

"Then you think—"

"Yes, it is in pickle. The body, I mean. It is packed in one of those barrels as salt horse, and aboard that barge wherever that is!"

This most astounding of all Old King Brady's shrewd deductions nigh paralyzed Young King Brady with surprise and awe for the older detective's superior discernment.

He drew a sharp breath.

"The crime is out," he said. "We have reached the goal."

"Not yet."

"What?"

"Only to our own satisfaction. Do not forget that we must find that body. If the villains have destroyed it, then all is lost to us. But, if it is in existence and we can recover it, all is won."

"You are right."

"Now," said Old King Brady, triumphantly, "you can see the value of careful deduction. I told you in the first place, the crime told by the ticker was identical with the Willard Hall mystery."

"But the secret message, where did it come from and who sent it, and why should it have been sent to Seth Hardman?" asked Young King Brady.

The old detective shook his head.



"The mystery of the message told by the ticker yet remains a mystery," he said. "It may be that spirit hands sent that warning message. More likely not."

"More likely not."

"It is my opinion that the murderer himself sent it!"

"What, to Seth Hardman?"

"Oh, he probably didn't mean to send it to him, but that was done by some inexplicable mistake."

"To whom did he intend to send it?"

"Perhaps to Cliff & Call."

The two detectives gazed steadily at each other. They had, as they believed, the right theory, yet how the message could have been transmitted over Sharpe & Dunn's wire to Seth Hardman, a disinterested party, was inexplicable in entirety.

However, Old King Brady viewed the puzzle philosophically.

"That will come out in time, like all the rest," he said.

"At any rate, we have an insight into all now."

"Yes!"

"The future will bring all to us!"

"Everything!"

"Good!"

"With this conclusion of our deductions," said Old King Brady, "I think I will go to bed."

And both detectives retired.

They slept soundly.

But they were abroad at an early hour the next day.

Old King Brady believed that all he needed now to convict his birds was to produce the body of Willard Hall.

That body, no doubt, was packed in a salt pork barrel aboard the Carter barge.

It was easy to see how the murderer had stolen upon his victim while he was working at his desk.

The knife had been driven home to the vital organs through the side.

The murderer had then meditated upon what should be done with his victim.

A shrewd idea had been suggested to him by seeing an empty pork barrel among the others.

It was but a few moment's work to crowd the body into this barrel. Then he had withdrawn the knife and secreted it in his pocket.

With skillful work he had headed up the barrel, and rolled it into place among the others.

It was easy to remove all other traces of his crime, and he had accomplished this and was making his escape, when Old King Brady became a factor in the case.

This was the case, as the old detective now had it figured out.

He was elated with the prospect.

He did not mean that one of the guilty gang should escape.

"I will see them all hung high as Haman," he muttered.

And, indeed, they deserved it.

A more atrocious and inhuman plot against human life had never occurred in Gotham.

It would seem now as if the conclusion of the case should be easy.

But in reality it had reached its most difficult stage.

The obstacles which now began to loom up before the live detectives were of the most formidable character.

It seemed almost impossible to learn the fate of the barge and its cargo.

The last seen of the craft was in the little harbor at Staten Island.

That it had been moved from there, the detectives felt sure. But where had it had been taken?

This was the puzzle.

They haunted all the ships and docks in and about New York.

Not a trace of it could be found.

Some river pilots had remembered towing the barge at one time or another. But none remembered going to Staten Island for it.

After a week of patient waiting Old King Brady abandoned that line entirely.

He practically gave up a direct quest for the barge.

He returned to the former plan of tracking the murderers. This was not at all difficult now.

With prosperity comes recklessness. At least it is so with crooks.

McClure had received a thousand dollars from Cliff.

The first price had been agreed upon as ten thousand, but the wily young broker had held the gang off on the representation that he had not yet come into possession of the money.

So one thousand dollars satisfied them for the time.

This was five hundred each for McClure and Carter.

At once with the true instinct of the crook, they started out to paint the town with a lurid hue.

Nothing was too good for them in the resorts of the Bowery and the Tenderloin.

As a result, they became sodden with drink and oblivious of risk. They were in prime condition to be worked by two such detectives as Old and Young King Brady.

And the two detectives got well upon their tracks.

They hobnobbed with the villains in disguise, plied them with all manner of devices, and yet failed to get even the slightest inkling of what they wanted.

This was the whereabouts of the barge, or the disposition of the barrels of salt horse.

One night in a tenderloin resort while the detectives in close disguise were working the crooks, a faint clew was gained.

Young King Brady was telling a story of a sea voyage in which he had feasted on hard tack and salt horse.

"Vile stuff!" he said to McClure. "Did you try eating it?"

"Bet yer life I hev," replied the villain. "I've ate more pickled pork than you ever seen. We made a deal in salt horse onct, eh, Sid?"



"Well, I should smile," grinned that villain.

"Aw—had a corner in it, eh?" ventured Old King Brady.

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Both villains roared.

Then McClure grew strangely silent.

"It's good stuff to throw overboard," said Carter.

"Shut up!" said McClure, savagely, and then he leered at the disguised detectives.

Old King Brady seeing suspicion in his eyes, hastened to change the subject.

But awhile later when alone with Young King Brady, he said:

"I'm afraid we're lost!"

"Eh?" exclaimed Harry Brady. "How do you make that out?"

"Did you hear what McClure said about throwing salt horse overboard?"

"Yes!"

"Well, there you are!"

"Whew! Do you suppose they threw that barrel with the body into the sea?"

"I fear so!"

Young King Brady was aghast.

Here was a damper.

If such was the case, the chances were infinitesimal for recovering the body.

It would be like looking for a needle in a haystack to look for the body in the depths of New York harbor.

But yet neither detective would abandon hope.

"We will try it on again," said Old King Brady.

"Next time we will fetch them, I hope."

That night they went again into the Tenderloin. They frequented all the resorts.

But the two villains did not appear.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### BIFF MCCLURE'S ALTERNATIVE—ANOTHER CRIME.

WHAT did it mean?

Had they taken the alarm?

Old King Brady recalled the alarmed light in McClure's eyes.

But though the detectives searched for several nights, not a trace of the two villains could be found. They had dropped out of sight.

What was to be done?

Old King Brady finally decided to again change his plans.

He gave up looking for them.

He turned his attention with Young King Brady to shadowing the house of young Cliff.

The young broker was seen to enter and leave his house regularly every day.

But he had no visitors.

The two villains did not go there.

One day, however, Old King Brady saw a messenger boy coming along the street. He carried a telegram.

It had been the way of the detectives to intercept all messengers if possible, that were bound for the Cliff house.

So Old King Brady stopped the boy.

"Dispatch?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the lad.

"For me?"

"How do I know?"

"Allan Cliff?"

The boy looked critically at the detective.

"That's the name," he said. "Sign."

And he passed over his book.

The detective signed.

Then he took the message and turned away. A few moments later he opened it.

"SMYTHE'S HOTEL. Jersey City."

"ALLAN CLIFF, ESQ. DEAR SIR:—I want nine thousand dollars from you by nine to-night. Be at Stimpel's. If not paid you will hear from you know who. BIFF."

The detective smiled and nodded.

He consulted with Young King Brady.

"Things are working all right," he said. "We will be at Stimpel's to-night."

"Well, I should say so."

Elated at this new turn of affairs, the two detectives made a point of being at Stimpel's at the hour named.

At nine o'clock McClure and Carter entered the place.

They looked frayed and dejected.

The thousand dollars had been spent, and they were again on their uppers.

The hours passed.

Ten—eleven—and twelve o'clock came and passed but Allan Cliff, in the guise of the veiled lady or otherwise, did not put in an appearance.

The effect upon McClure was visible.

His eyes were bloodshot, and his evil face wore a dark scowl. Carter looked ominous also.

It was a serious matter to them. They were fully aware that they had gone almost to the end of the rope.

It was necessary to break away from old scene and seek a safe haven in some far country.

They could not do this without money. It had been promised them in compensation for a dark crime.

Now that it seemed evident that Allan Cliff had purposely kept bad faith with them, only the most revengeful of motives filled their breasts.

It needed no extraordinary exertion of their perceptive faculties for the two detectives to divine all this.

To them it was an assurance that the case was nearing its solution.

They had only to draw the net closer to make sure of their game. It was well in hand.

Suddenly the two villains arose and went to the bar. They drank deeply, and then left the place.

Behind them, though, flitted two silent shadows. Within an hour, they were ascending the steps of the Cliff mansion.



A light burned in a lower room. The two villains rang the bell loudly.

For some while no answer came.

Then suddenly the door opened, and a sharp voice was heard, followed by a low-toned conversation. Then the door closed behind all.

McClure and Carter had been admitted.

"Now, Harry," said Old King Brady, "there is work for us to do!"

"You're right!" agreed the young detective. "I wish I could get into that house."

"So do I. But as we can't, we must see what is going on at least!"

"The window!"

"We will try it!"

It was but a few moments' work for the two detectives to climb the iron fence and stand beneath the window. Young King Brady grasped the shutter hinge and pulled himself up until he could put his feet on the coping and look over the half-closed curtain.

Fortunately it was one of those kind of curtains which roll down instead of up. Old King Brady joined him.

The sight they beheld was interesting.

They saw the interior of the richly-furnished library.

The two ruffians, McClure and Carter, stood near the door. Cliff was pacing angrily up and down.

An excited altercation was in progress.

"I tell you, you are a pair of fools!" cried Cliff, savagely. "You are alarmed all for nothing. How am I going to give you nine thousand dollars? I haven't realized anything from my uncle's estate yet."

"Well, it's just here, pal," said McClure, doggedly. "We've done yer dirty work, and now we've got to get out of the country to save our necks from the ter."

"You've given us ther jolly long enough. Now, we want our money!"

"That we do!" chimed in Carter.

"Well, you won't get it now," cried Cliff, angrily. "A murderous look was in the eyes of McClure."

"We won't, eh?" he said, in a surly tone.

"Why, you fool, I haven't it to give you. Besides I've more work for you to do."

"Well, you can git somebody else fer the next job. See?"

"What's the matter?"

"Matter enough. We're shadowed."

"Humph! You're afraid of those two detectives, the Bradys. I have an account to settle with them."

"Well, you kin settle it. We ain't a-goin' tew. Give us our money!"

"When I get ready."

"Now!"

McClure had drawn an ugly-looking knife. He took a step nearer. For a moment Cliff faced him.

Then he shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "I'll see what I can do for you. Into this next room."

With this, all three passed through a door into another room.

They went from the sight and hearing of the detectives. This was a keen disappointment to them.

"Perhaps there's a window on the other side," whispered Young King Brady. "Let us go around and see."

They passed around the corner of the house. But every window was dark. Some time was lost here.

They were about to pass back to the library window when a startling thing happened. Up on the air came the piercing note of a human voice in agony. It came from the interior of the house.

Then there was a heavy fall, a sound of hustling

footsteps and the clang of a door. Around the house the detectives rushed.

Not a soul was in sight.

Nobody had emerged by the front door; while the two detectives were wondering, however, explanation came.

Suddenly the front door flew open. A long path of light streamed out into the street.

Down this sprang a man in the uniform of a butler. His face was white as chalk, and he was calling:

"Help! Murder! Help!"

In an instant the two King Bradys had him by the shoulders. In answer to their queries he could only gasp and point to the house.

"Murder!"

Old King Brady sprang up the steps and Young King Brady after him.

They dashed into the room next the library. A ghastly sight met their gaze.

On the rich carpet, in a pool of blood, lay Allan Cliff. A terrible gash had been made in his throat. He was quite dead.

The very weapons which he had employed to destroy the life of another had accomplished his own fate.

The detectives did not waste time. They started in pursuit of the murderers.

They had escaped by a rear way. The detectives were soon at their heels.

It was a thrilling chase which followed.

As far as Ninth avenue the scent was fresh. Then all trace of the murderers was lost.

Much chagrined the two detectives had thought of abandoning the quest. But suddenly a thought came to Old King Brady.

"The river!" he exclaimed. "Perhaps they have taken to it."

Down to a landing the detectives dashed. Tethered to the wharf were several light dories.

But one of these was now far out in the stream. By the dim morning light the Bradys saw two men in it, rapidly pulling for the Jersey shore.

It did not take them long to decide what to do.

A canal boat was moored at the head of the wharf. At this moment a man came out of the cabin.

He gave a yell of anger and dismay.

"Come back here!" he shouted. "What are you doing with my boat?"

"Here, my man!" cried Old King Brady. "We are detectives. Those men are two criminals escaping. Jump into this boat with us and we will catch them and get your boat back!"

"I'm with ye!" cried the canal boat captain, seizing a pair of oars.

Three men in a boat ought to pull down two in another boat. The result was that the detectives gained.

A snarling cry came from McClure when he saw this.

"Curse ye, Old King Brady!" he shouted. "Ye'll never take us alive!"

He dropped his oars.

A pistol flashed in his hand.

Crack!

The bullet split the handle of Young King Brady's oar. The canal boat captain dropped his oars in terror and fell into the bottom of the boat.

"Jerusha!" he gasped; "they'll murder us! Let 'em go!"

"Get up!" commanded Old King Brady. "You're as apt to get hit down there as anywhere."

Crack!

Whish—zip! The bullet perforated the brim of the old detective's slouch hat. Very coolly Old King Brady turned in his seat.



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